

SEE THE SUPPLEMENT--TERRY MARTIN

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN THE WORLD.

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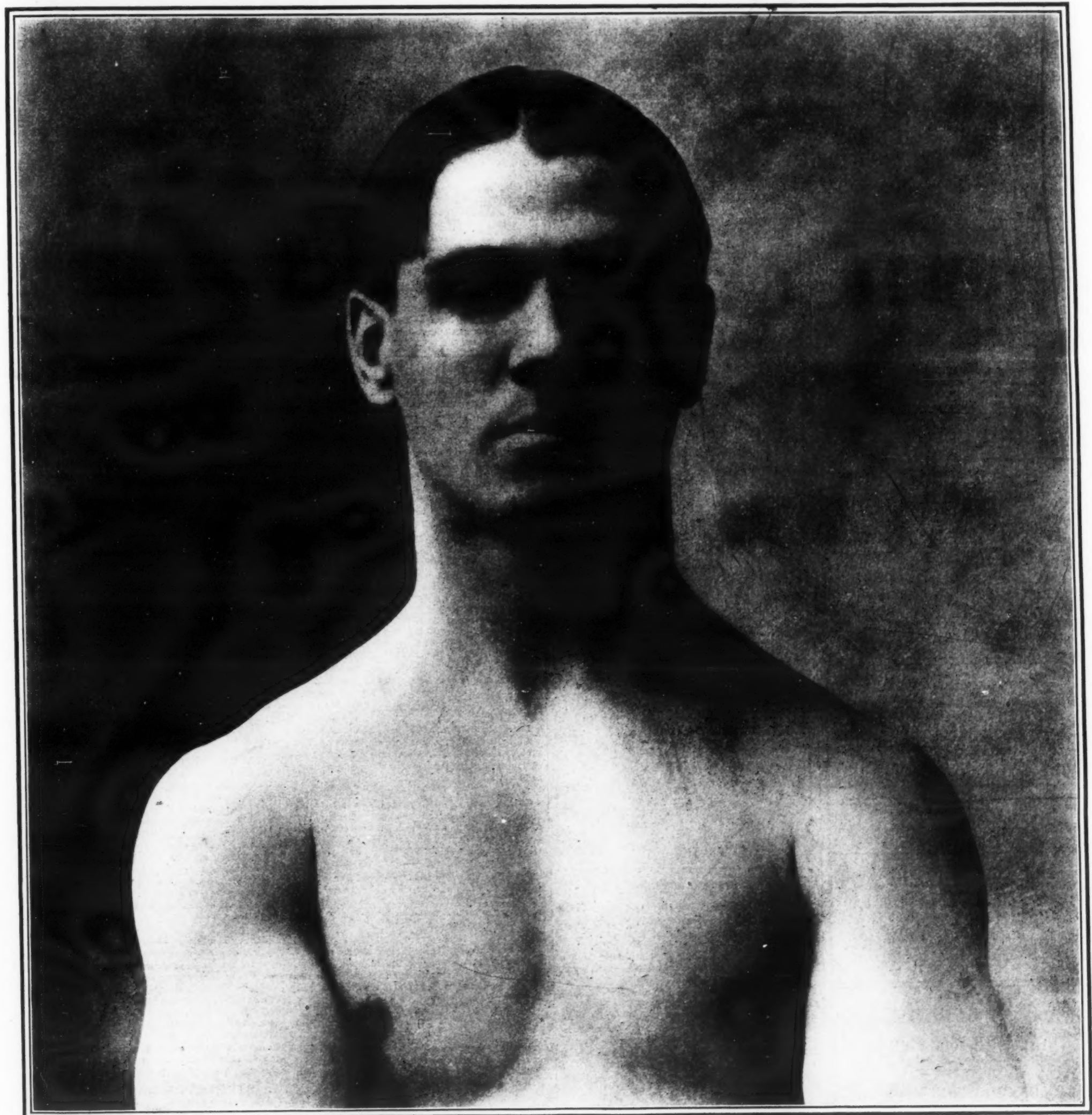


Photo by Stacy: Brooklyn.

TERRIBLE TERRY.

THE LITTLE BROOKLYN IDOL OF THE PUGILISTIC WORLD WHO WILL SOON BE IN THE RING.



Established 1846.
ISSUED EVERY WEEK.

RICHARD K. FOX,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK CITY.

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THE SUPPLEMENT WITH THIS ISSUE:
TERRY MARTIN, Welterweight Boxer.

Miscellaneous Sports.

Fred Grothe, of York, Pa., has a half brother to Ed Geers' famous C. & C. winner, Ardele. He is named J. H. L., Jr.

Thomas F. O'Brien, of the Warren A. C. was recently elected handicapper of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U.

Charles Hulgen, the Brooklyn sprinter, is running some fine races in the fall handicaps. Hulgen is built somewhat on the lines of Parsons, the great California sprinter.

Haskins, the University of Pennsylvania and N. Y. A. C. runner, is right at home in aquatics as proven by his remarkable showing in the recent long distance swim at Travers Island.

Sweet Marie gained a record of 2:03 1/4, at Syracuse. There is no trotter out that can step with her this year, and they will have to start her with the pacers if they want to see how fast she can go.

Martin Sheridan was the only Athens Olympic winner who took a national championship this year. Eight other members of the American team took part in the big games, but none showed better than second.

E. B. Parsons, the 600-yard A. A. U. champion, showed up at the national championships and offered his services to Trainer Copland. Parsons thought he could do as good as two minutes in the half, but Copland figured there was no use of the Yale man going in unless he was in some kind of shape.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
New York City.

THEATRICAL FACTS— —FOOTLIGHT FANCIES

WITH A FEW CALCIUM FLASHES IN BETWEEN

Items of Interest About the Clever Entertainers Who
Play in Halls and Continuous Houses.

LET POLICE GAZETTE READERS KNOW ABOUT YOU

All Professionals Are Invited to Send In Brief Paragraphs About Themselves
and Photos in Character For Publication on This Page.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rogers (Louise Mackintosh) are presenting their new sketch, "Out of Sight."

John Junior has been engaged by Mrs. Stuart Robson as principal support in her new vaudeville sketch.

Bernard Kling recently wrote for Morey and Lee, Irish rapid fire conversational act, a new offering, entitled "Walking in the Air."

Rice and Cady are breaking all records with their revivals of the old Weber and Fields successes at the Davis Theatre, San Francisco.

Madame Alma Norman has joined hands with M. Ricardo, the baritone, and they will present a singing sketch called "A Musical Reverie."

Frank Coombs and Muriel Stone gave a trial performance of a new sketch written by Charles Horwitz, called "The Last of the Troupe." The sketch was well received and the players took two curtain



GRACE CAMERON.

Talented Soubrette Who Has Met with Great
Success Abroad Now a Vaudeville Headliner.

calls. Mr. Coombs' singing of a sentimental song toward the close of the act met with uncommon favor.

The original American Newsboy's Quartette (L. Laird, first tenor; F. Ford, second tenor; J. J. Peck, baritone, and R. E. Faulkner, basso), are en route with Rowland and Clifford's melodrama "The Phantom Detective," and their act is one of the big features at every performance. The company will reach New York about the first of next year.

WHEN YOU PLAY CARDS
Play according to the new revised Hoyle, then you are sure to play correctly. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. This office.

The Orpheum Theatre in Mount Vernon, N. Y., has closed. It may reopen later if a manager with nerve and cash can be found.

Frank Harcourt reports success with Bob Manchester's Night Owls Company, which opened at the Standard Theatre, Cincinnati.

The Crotty Trio, now on the Keith circuit, opened recently at Keith's Cleveland Theatre. They report that their new act is a success.

Harry C. Prentice, of the Prentice Trio, had to leave "The Wise Guy" show and go to Mt. Clemens, Mich., for an attack of rheumatism.

George W. Hussey, the ventriloquist, has finished fifteen weeks over the Frank Melville and J. W. Gorman park circuit. He will sail for Europe Oct. 20.

The Reid Sisters closed with A. H. Wood's "Ruled Off the Turf" and joined Ned Nye's vaudeville act, opening at Keith and Proctor's Fifty-eighth Street Theatre.

Frank Williamson, of Williamson and Gilbert, and Warren Locke, of Russell and Locke, have formed a partnership. They opened at Electric Park, Kansas City.

Bert Marshall, black face comedian, parody singer and eccentric dancer, was re-engaged for a second week at Collins' Garden, Columbus, O., closing the bill both weeks.

James A. and Cecelia Welch are meeting with success with their new act, entitled "Tim Flanagan's Flirtation," written by Fred J. Bauman, author of "Suppressing the Press."

M. M. Theise's Wine, Woman and Song Company, which is organized this season on a higher plane than is usual with burlesque companies, has been meeting with unqualified approval.

Camille and Fona, contortionists and equilibrists, open for seven weeks on the Jackson circuit, after finishing twelve weeks on the Sun circuit, and report great success with their act.

The Royal Musical Five although spending their first season on the vaudeville stage, have established themselves already as musicians of the first order, in their own particular field.

Emile Le Croix, who is presenting a farcelet called "Who Gets the Lemon," has managed to circumvent the fire department and use an automobile on the stage without official interference.

Richards, foot juggler and upside down buck and wing dancer, has finished the Harry A. Hawn circuit of parks, and is playing his sixth week for William Morris. He reports meeting with big success.

DeWitt Millen, who has been connected with theatricals for the past five years and who is a protegee of Thomas W. Ross, has written a college sketch, which he will produce in vaudeville in the near future.

Julian Eltinge still remains a substantial hit abroad, and his time at Le Marigny Theatre, Paris, has been twice extended. He has introduced a French song in his act which promises to rank with his previous hits.

C. H. Perkins and his troupe of five colored jubilee singers who were stranded at Charlotte, N. Y., through the disappearance of the manager of the company, were given transportation to Lyons by County Superintendent Lodge.

Marie Tempest is to fill a short engagement at the Palace Theatre, London, at the highest salary ever paid to a single woman entertainer in London. The date was booked to fill in the time while she is rehearsing a new play.

Charles E. Baker, Charles Klunk and Victor Roehm, the two former prominent Wabash business men, and the latter experienced in theatrical management, have obtained leases on Wabash, Peru and Huntington vaudeville houses, which will be the foundation of a new vaudeville circuit.

The prolific pen of Charles Horwitz has produced "For Sale—Wiggins' Farm," a big success with the Chadwick Trio; "When the Widow Arrived,"

for Isabella Entwistle and Company, and "The Polished Villain," for Little Garry Owen, in which that diminutive artist will impersonate seven characters.

The engagement of Mlle Dazie (Le Domino Rouge) at the London Palace has been extended for three weeks longer than was originally intended.

Ben S. Trask and Abe Lavigne, formerly of Fogarty and Lavigne, have formed a partnership, and the team will be known as Trask and Lavigne. They report meeting with success over the Jones & O'Brien circuit through Wisconsin.

Harry Thomson, the Mayor of the Bowery, is making a tremendous hit this season singing German versions of "Waiting at the Church," "Every-



THE CHADWICK TRIO.

Very Near to the Top Now in Vaudeville,
and the Laughing Lady at the Bottom Has a
"Police Gazette" Medal For Buck Dancing.

body Works But Father" and "Father's Gone to Work Again." He has practically a new monologue, and is having no difficulty in filling his date book.

The Chadwick Trio has an act that is going to bring them into the headliner class. The two elder Chadwicks have a daughter who can dance wooden shoe buck and wing so well that she is now wearing the POLICE GAZETTE championship medal. Here is a combination that cannot very well be beaten.

Every story in Ike Swift's new book, "Sketches of Gotham," has in it the makings of a good sketch. All are copyrighted, but they will be dramatized on request. The book is on the press and advance orders are now being booked. The price is one dollar—it ought to be two. Mailed everywhere on receipt of the price.

Harry Ferguson, accompanied by his wife, Lulu Beeson, and their handsome son, Wilson Ferguson, are at Lock Haven, Pa., taking a rest and incidentally arranging for a new act, which when produced, will be one of the best things on the vaudeville stage. Mr. Ferguson is a comedian of rare talent and he is just now getting to the top, where he belongs, while his wife is one of the best soft shoe buck and wing dancers in the world, having been the holder of the POLICE GAZETTE medal for many years, successfully defending it against all comers wherever she has appeared.

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By practicing the exercises in Prof. Ittman's book on Physical Culture and Breathing. Profusely illustrated. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. This office.

MAKING SIDE BETS

—AT THE RACE TRACKS—

AFTER THEY'RE OFF

How Shrewd and Observant Judges of the Ponies
Can Pick up Many an Honest Dollar.

PITTSBURG PHIL WAS A WONDER AT THIS GAME

He Could Invariably Call the Turn When the Horses Were in the Stretch
and He Frequently Pulled Down an Extra Wad.

"Not many of them standing on the lawn in front of the grand stand or squatting on high chairs outside the betting ring nowadays can tell for a sure thing which horse is going to cop when the field hits the top of the stretch," said one of the old guard of turf followers. "Anybody can call the turn, of course, when some speedy stayer is tincanning out in front at that stage of it with his mouth wide open and the boy sitting still and looking back.

"But it's different when a well matched and closely handicapped bunch hit the stretch all together like a parading troop of cavalry doing a right wheel.

"It takes a man with a jockey's judgment of pace and an almost mathematical knowledge of just how many ounces of run each of the horses has got in him to name the correct one when there's a rail to rail line-up of the best ones stretched across the track at the top of the run home.

"Pittsburg Phil had that end of it sewed up. Nobody ever approached him at it. No matter how equally the leaders in a race were up to, he must have possessed the thing called intuition at that game. That's what everybody who knew him thought, and they think so yet. He always denied such a thing himself, though, and laughed at the suggestion. He said that he could tell by the running action of a horse in the final stages of a race how he was going to finish. This involved his scrutiny through the glasses of the flying action of all the horses in a field as they approached the telling part of the journey—pretty fine work in itself.

"Whatever the faculty was, he had it developed to

could not stand for his offhand verdict. I happened to be by once when Bill Cowan, one of Phil's closest friends, refused to believe that the plunger had it right.

"It was a distance race—I forget which one now, but I believe it was the Lawrence Realization—in which Ethelbert was the topheavy favorite.

"Ethelbert started out and made the pace like 'Awkins' Orse. He was sifter than he had ever been in his life and he was getting a great ride. When he turned into the stretch with all kinds of daylight between him and the next horse, David Garrick, and going without the least friction—that is, it appeared that way to practically everybody—the immense crowd set up the Ethelbert roar.

"Nothing to it but Ethelbert," even the bookies on their chairs out on the lawn said to each other dimly, for their sheets were cluttered with columns of big and little bets on the favorite.

"Ethelbert something e-e-e-easy!" howled the cheerful folks in the stand who had got their checks down on the flying leader.

"Pittsburg Phil, watching the race from a chair placed near the cheap field partition, put away his glasses calmly when Ethelbert swung into the stretch alone.

"David Garrick wins," he said in the tone of a man making some observation about the weather. He wasn't trying to root his horse home, either. The fact that he had \$2,000 on Garrick at 23 to 1 had nothing to do with his placid announcement.

"Wrong for once, Phil!" sung out Bill Cowan, who was standing close to Phil's chair. "I'm laying you a thousand to a hundred that Ethelbert cops."

"On, Bill," said Phil, without even turning to look at Cowan.

"Down the stretch thundered the mighty Ethelbert with his even, space devouring pace, showing no signs of quitting or crawling. As a matter of fact Ethelbert didn't dog it at all that day at any stage of the route. But the one behind him, David Garrick, had more power left. With tremendous leaps and a courage that was not to be denied Garrick bounded after Ethelbert after being well straightened out for home,

was a cry of dismay that lengthened into a groan all over the place when Garrick gradually closed the gap and got his muzzle at Ethelbert's saddle skirts. From that point it was a horse race between those two that caused men and women alike to shriek like savages. Garrick ranged alongside Ethelbert well within the sixteenth pole, and then down to the wire the two thundered like one horse. In the very last jump the tigerish Garrick nodded down first, nailing the race by a face, as we say—literally, an inch or so.

"Phil climbed down from his stool and started to walk away with a smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Don't forget that you're into me a thousand, Phil," Cowan called after him. "You'd have been burned at the stake for a wis a couple of hundred years ago."

"There's plenty of this side betting still going on during the running of races, particularly down near the end where the layers and their crews watch the contests, but since Phil died there's nobody sitting on a perch with a pair of glasses on the nags whose pronouncement as to what the finish is going to be carries the weight that the dead plunger's advance verdict used to have. But they get a lot of fun out of the side betting, and there's profit in it for the shrewd, if not infallible, ones.

"Some of the sharp-eyed chaps employ the side betting scheme when a race is nearly over as a scheme for picking up soft money from the casual racegoers. They're good at picking the right one when the real fight begins at the beginning of the run for home. They operate generally in the grand stand, and their possession of field glasses gives them a bulge on the casuals with whom they make these side bets, few of the latter being equipped with binoculars.

"One of these smart fellows with the knack of calling the turn will get alongside some chap in the stand who looks like a favorite player, as most of the occasional racegoers really are. The favorite, we'll say, is an even money proposition. He gets off in front and when he leads down to the top of the stretch the chap who has been selected as a mark by the smart fellow with the glasses begins to howl joyously. The smart fellow perceives that the favorite is weakening.

"The one in front is running for Sweeney and the end book," he says, "I'm there with 2 to 1 against that one."

"For how much?" quickly puts in the joyous chap who's on the favorite, biting. He sees with the naked eye that his horse is still out in front and he can't see that the horse is showing signs of dogging it.

"Oh, fifty to twenty-five or a hundred to fifty, if you want it," says the smart one, and nine times out of ten the casual racegoer, taking another hurried look to note that the favorite is still leading, will more than gobble this bait.

"You're on," he says, producing his bank wad, and the bet is made. It is hardly made before the favorite backs into the bunch and the good thing who has pitted his inexperience and his unaided vision against experience and a pair of strong field glasses has to go into his dungarees for the amount of his lost side bet.

"Of course, these crafty manipulators of side bets have to wait for races in which it appears certain that they'll be able to hand themselves a shade, but there's always something doing for them on every day's card. They can work the dodge the reverse way just as easily.

"The excited casual racegoer in the stand unbelt on a favorite that is a slow beginner, for instance, or one that liked to be placed, and that always comes from behind. As the field gets to the far turn with this favorite still back in the bunch the inexperienced chap begins to lose hope. The occasional at the race track wants to see his horse out in front from flagfall to the wire. When the field reaches the stretch with his horse still away back the casual reaches the nail biting stage and inwardly curses his luck for landing on a dead one. He doesn't see, what the experienced men with the glasses can easily see, that the favorite is merely galloping with his head away up and his tail swishing, and that the boy hasn't begun to let the horse down yet.

"Well, the favorite's a goner," the casual is pretty apt to say, or, if he doesn't nudge the situation along by saying it, the sharp-eyed chap who is there alongside of him lets out some crack about the likelihood of the favorite winning yet, not making it strong enough, however, to arouse any dormant hope in the bosom of the depressed casual.

"I'd be willing to take 3 to 1 against the favorite yet—just a chance," is about the way the smart guy puts it.

"The down in the mouth casual, who has perhaps taken even money against the favorite, will jump at this chance to hedge nearly every time.

"I'll give you 3 to 1," he says eagerly, seeing his horse still taking the dust of a lot of the front runners that are doing their dandiest at this stage of it. "How much d'ye want at 3 to 1?"

"Thus that kind of a side bet is made, and the terms of it are hardly out of the mouths of the bettors before the slow beginner or stretch finishing favorite is let down by his rider and hops to the front in a dozen strides, winning on the bit—a probability that the smart duck has, of course, been able to measure from the time the field hit the backstretch.

"It's still easier for the side betting wise ones with a knack of picking out soft marks to get action in their line on steeplechase events. Some plug that hasn't a chance in the world for any part of the coin goes out to make the running, and even at the end of the first mile has a long lead that looks fine to the occasional, who stand around audibly blasting their luck because they haven't taken a chance on that one at the juicy price.

"Well, that one won't be one, two, three," says the experienced chap with the glasses, fishing for bets from the fellows to whom the leading horse in the jumping race looks like a pipe.

"Won't, hey?" three or four of the marks are liable to say all together. "What are you laying against him?"

"The crafty fellow in the side-betting business names a price about a quarter or even less than the ring price before they were off and they take the hook with avidity. The front-running lepper soon begins to show his

leg-weariness, and long before the second mile is over most of the field have swept by him, if, indeed, he hasn't actually come a cropper over one of the hedges. The side bettors who make a business of this end of it pick up their softest coin on the timber races.

"There are big on-the-level side bets, too, between regulars at the game who have no chance or desire to do each other, and who are willing to take their chance merely for the sake of more gambling. Many of these side bets are on fouls. One of the regulars will see what he considers a palpable foul in a race. He'll offer to lay the regulars standing alongside of him a hundred or five hundred or even a thousand, even money or at odds, that a foul will be claimed, and such bets



JACK DURANE.

Claims the 118-Pound Boxing Championship
of the South—He's Ready and Willing.

are always covered by fellows who don't believe that the foul has been noticed by the people in the judges' stand.

"Again when a foul is actually claimed there are big bets down at the bookies' end on the outcome whether the foul will be allowed or not. I've seen as high as \$5,000 up in a bet of this kind. In close finishes the bookies and their crews, standing at the lower end and therefore at an angle where they can't tell which horse gains the verdict, but are willing to bet that their judgment of the angle is correct, often slap up big money before the numbers are hung out on the opinion that their eyesight is better than their mates'. Eddie Burke once bet George Wheelock \$1,000 that a certain horse that came with a wet sail and finished on the outside had won his race by at least a head. The numbers went up, and Burke lost. His humiliation was keen when, on going into the chartmakers' stand and inquiring, he discovered that the horse he had declared to be the winner by a head had really been beaten two lengths, the bad angle from the bookmakers' end, of course, accounting for Burke's poor idea of the finish. Burke hasn't heard the last of that bet yet, but he hasn't made any side bets from the angle as to the finish of a race since that time either."

Ike Swift will soon begin a new series of stories in the GAZETTE to be entitled "The Memoirs of a Hot Sport." They will be better than the other ones. Don't do anything until you read them. His book "Sketches of Gotham," will also be ready in a few weeks.

TERRY MARTIN.

[WITH SUPPLEMENT.]

One of the best boxers to-day in the welterweight division is Terry Martin, who hails from Philadelphia.

To patrons of the manly art Martin needs no introduction for he has gradually fought his way to the top of his class. His many friends in the East predict for him championship honors, and their claim may be seriously considered as he has defeated such good men as Peter Sullivan, Harry Edels, Bart Connolly, Dave Deshier, Arthur Cote and Jack Falvey.

Martin is ably managed by John J. McGann, a sporting man, of Boston, Mass., who is well known as a boxing promoter, and to whom Martin owes his success during the past two years.

Many matchmakers throughout the country have offered welters good inducements to meet McGann's protégé, but all seem to side-step the sturdy Philadelphian.

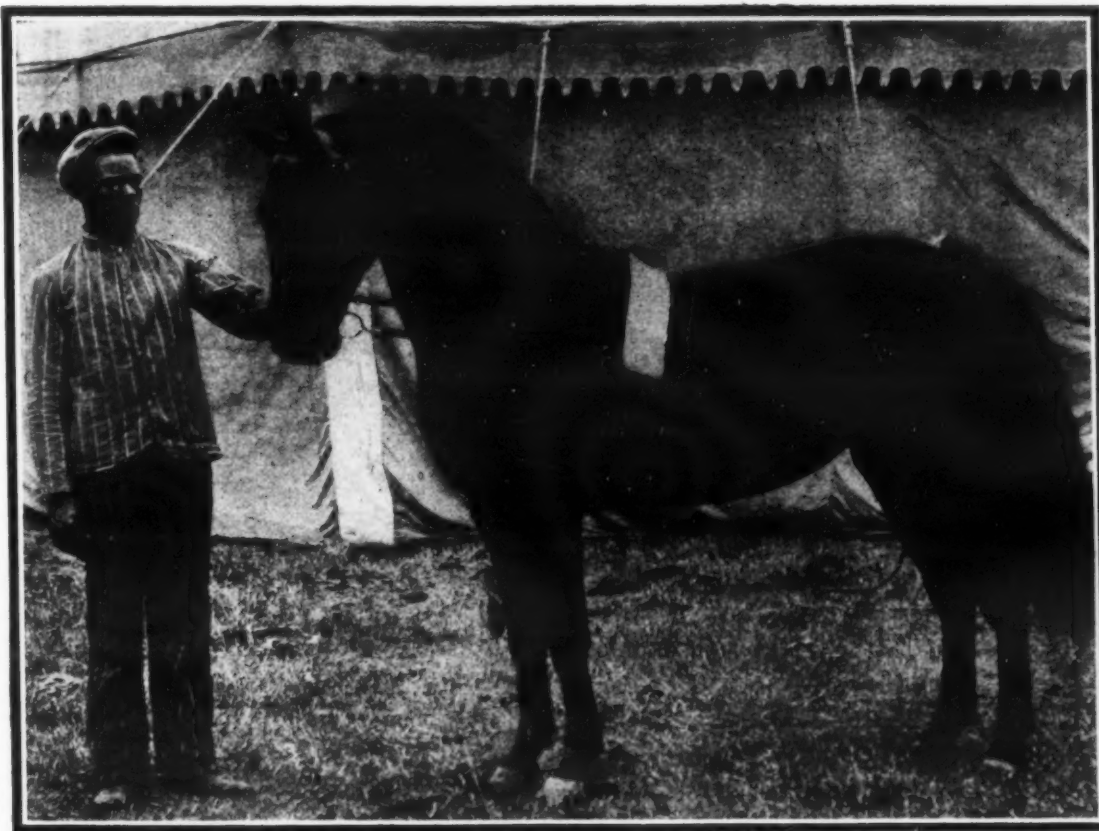
He is a well behaved athlete outside of the roped arena, does not indulge in intoxicants and is always in good condition.

Mr. McGann has planned a busy campaign for him this Fall, and will probably invade the Pacific Coast.

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If you will study Prof. Ittmann's Illustrated exercises. No. 2 of Fox's Famous Athletic Library. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra. Police Gazette Office.



BONHEUR BROTHERS' TOPSY.

The Famous Educated Mare with Their Great Show who has Delighted Thousands with Her Intelligence, and Isaac Davis, the Groom who has Full Charge of Her.

such an almost uncanny degree that he could predict the defeat of a horse that seemed even to good judges to be going like a lion out in front, and that, with a long lead at the head of the stretch, appeared to be a certain winner. Phil could detect the leg-weariness of the strongest kind of a front-runner when that one seemed to have many pounds left for the dash to the t-up, and with the same quick eye that caught, when nobody else caught it, the curling up indications on the part of the spread-eagler, he could call the horse, often away back, that would do the bulldog stunt within the eighth pole and snatch the victory by a noel.

"There were times when even Phil's friends, familiar as they were with his infallibility at this game,

and he gained upon the favorite steadily by inches. "Even this caused no consternation in the minds of the Ethelbert folks, for their horse seemed to be going too easily, and certainly seemed to have too long a lead to be caught. But Pittsburg Phil had realized the immense reserve power of Garrick at the very instant that one gathered himself together for his run. There

### A GOOD BARTENDER

Ought to have the NEW Hoffman House Bartender's Guide, because it will keep him posted on up-to-date drinks. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra.

BRIDGE AND WHIST BY "ACE" IS THE MOST CAREFULLY PREPARED BOOK ON THESE GAMES EVER PRINTED





BONNIE MAGINN, JOE WEBER'S COMPANY.



FAIR ANNA HELD IN A PENSIVE MOOD.



MARIE STUDHOLME—SHE'S LAUGHING.



*Photo by the Falk Studio: New York.*

LILLIAN RUSSELL, THE TALENTED STAGE FAVORITE WHO IS NOW STARRING IN "BARBARA'S MILLIONS."





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HERMAN GERIG.

CLEVER YOUNG CATCH-AS-CATCH-CAN GERMAN-AMERICAN WRESTLER.



SANDY WILLIAMS.

A KANSAS CITY BOXER WHO WEIGHS IN AT 136 POUNDS.



O. G. BECKER.

LANCE CORPORAL, TROOP B, 10th CAVALRY, MANILA.



CARL PONS.

A GRECO-ROMAN WRESTLER WHO WANTS A MATCH.



LEW POWELL.

CHAMPION AMATEUR LIGHT WEIGHT, PACIFIC COAST.



JOHNNY CROW.

AMATEUR BOXER OF HOBOKEN, N. J., WHO CHALLENGES.



THE AGONY BAND OF TROOP B.

THE BOYS BELONG TO THE THIRTEENTH UNITED STATES CAVALRY, FORT RILEY, KAN., AND THEY CAN CERTAINLY DELIVER THE GOODS.



# WHEN TOM ALLEN, THE CLEVER ENGLISHMAN, BEAT MIKE M'COOLE

A Famous and Gruelling Battle in Which the Nerve  
of the British Fighter Was Tried.

THE MOB CUT THE ROPES WITH THEIR KNIVES

Graphic Description of a Contest Under London Prize Ring Rules That Was  
Pulled Off Near Cincinnati in the Sixties.

The masterful performance of big Mike McCoolle, in defeating all comers in those days of fighting on the greensward with bare knuckles well pickled aroused quite a furore over prize fighting in several cities, principally Cincinnati and St. Louis.

A fight for the featherweight championship between Johnny Keating, of Cincinnati, and Dick Hollywood, of New York, was arranged for, to occur on Monday, April 27, 1868, at Orange Grove, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio River, a little above the mouth of the Big Miami. The grove is on the summit of a tall hill. A covered barge, backed by the towboat Uncle Sam, Captain Hobson in command, conveyed to the scene those most directly interested and many of the purchasers of tickets. Many trailed on down the river in small boats and along the Kentucky shore in backs and wagons. These bantams would have made a rattling fight of it but for an accident. Both were scientific boxers and wrestlers and splendidly trained. In the second round Keating made a swinging blow of great force for Hollywood's left eye. The latter ducked and caught the fist on the left side of his head, an inch or two above the ear. The blow made a gash an inch long, but it broke the giver's right arm a little above the wrist. Keating tried to fight on, but had to give up in the third round.

Mr. Elias L. (Bolly) Lewis, the distinguished literary sporting man of Cincinnati and Saratoga, was the referee. John Connolly was umpire for Keating and Eph. Holland for Hollywood. Bob Smith and Barney Frame were seconds for Hollywood, and Tom Ryan, who was quite a boxer, and and Jem Bateman, for Keating.

The second effort in that locality to defeat McCoolle resulted in another failure on the part of the Cincinnati sports, and in forty days each for the principals in the Dearborn County (Indiana) Jail at Lawrenceburg.

The mistake was in securing Joe Coburn, who had once defeated the giant, and bringing about the fiasco at Cold Springs, Ind., May 27, 1868, where McCoolle appeared, ready to fight, and Coburn did not, because he was afraid. There were several mobs of pickpockets on hand. The liveliest work of such "mobmen" ever seen by Cincinnatians up to that time was witnessed on the trains, coming and going, and around the ring, where some alleged fights of the "barney" order gave the thieves plenty of opportunity to work.

At last the Cincinnati party found a man who was able and willing to whip Mike McCoolle, and who knew exactly how to do it. This was Tom Allen, who had been in this country only a year or two; who was full of courage and ambition and had no use for any suggestion that was not honorable. He was only 28 years of age. In England he had beaten Waggoner, Young, Clark, Gould, Blingey Rose, J. Perkinson, Posh Price and George Iles, and had fought Joe Goss to a draw. He had been beaten by Bob Smith, and in a second fight by George Iles. Allen trained very faithfully for his Cincinnati backers down at the Buckeye, kept by Ollie Pettit, on the Lower River road. He met McCoolle at Foster's Island, 28 miles below St. Louis, on June 15, 1868. Of the crowds on the vessels and about the ring Allen had about one friend out of ten. These were headed by Eph. Holland, the Cincinnati gambler. The great majority of those who evinced their liking made up a howling mob for McCoolle, with yells to him to kill the Englishman. In the first round McCoolle swaggered up to the scratch with his usual confidence.

It was the same old 6 feet 2 inches of frowning bones, flesh, muscle and sinew, the great black front of hairy breast, the ponderous fists and feet, left of each well advanced, and the firm step-up to the scratch. The modest little Englishman of 170 pounds walked up briskly, and, apparently carelessly, and did not make his guard until he could feel the big fellow's breath upon his cheek. Then, like a flash he got in a blow on the mark, following up with one on the mouth that drew the first blood. McCoolle, however, got in a fair knock-down. In the second round Allen was in on McCoolle's left cheek three times, left, right and left. Before McCoolle knew what to make of it he was bleeding from two cuts, and his seconds were warning him to look out and work with his right. After that, all through the fight Allen was prompt to time and close in with the big man, cutting at the old gashes and closing his eyes.

Early in the third round all could see that Allen was the master and McCoolle the whipped man. Allen was the superior in everything except strength of shoulders and arms, and by his generalship he deprived McCoolle of the advantage that might have been his. From the start McCoolle was merely the bag that the gladiator in training strikes as it swings down toward him. Allen

had the advantage of McCoolle's weight being added to the force of his own blows with right and left. Then again Allen was coolness and science personified in keeping out of the way of the few dangerous blows leveled at him by McCoolle with his right. On two occasions the smaller man ducked his head as the big, heavy fist seemed about to catch it, rushed under the arm and before the giant knew where his mark had disappeared to or how came up behind him with a good guard in a shrewd effort to strike him behind the ear. As it happened McCoolle's efforts were such as to throw him to his knees in one instance and beyond reach in the other.

Allen's courage in this battle was heroic. He not only walked up for nine rounds and whipped his big antagonist until his face was a jelly, but he faced death at the point of the knife and the Derringer. A naked man from his waist up he saw pistols drawn and knives

friends had agreed to McKinney for referee. But they could do no better if the fight was to come off, and they wanted the fight. McCoolle stood at 218 pounds in this fight and Allen at 170 pounds. Jerry Donovan and Tom Kelly were seconds for McCoolle, with Jack Looney for umpire. Sherman Thurston and Butt Riley were seconds for Allen, with Eph Holland as umpire. The timekeeper was Jim Conlisk, a Cincinnati sport of the early times.

After Jem Mace had whipped him at New Orleans, Tom Allen located in the saloon business in St. Louis, and there he died, a few years since.

There was a complete reversal of conditions for Allen when he faced Mace on the greensward back of a sugar house on an abandoned plantation a few miles out from New Orleans. Mace had been and probably was then the most scientific boxer of the old English school. He was a swarthy, handsome gypsy, of splendid, compact form; not only a fine boxer, but an unequalled wrestler among prize fighters. There was a bitter disappointment in this fight for those friends of Allen who had gloried in his bravery in the McCoolle fight. All conditions at New Orleans were as fair for him as for Mace. But he knew this fighter well and he seemed to recognize the master in him. He put up a pretty fair fight during some of the thirty odd rounds and took considerable punishment. But at no time did he seem to have any confidence in himself. He could not box Mace and he could not wrestle him to a throw. Mace would hip him, upend him and dash him on the ground.

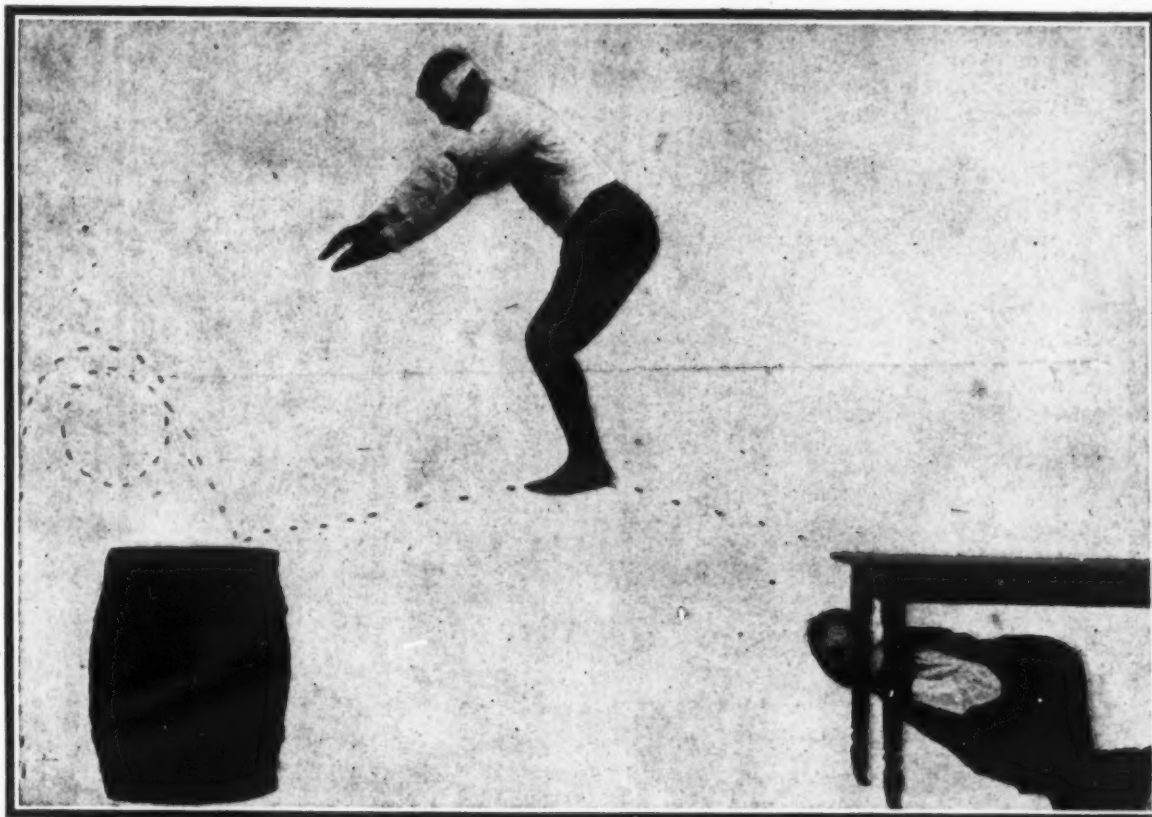
## JUST A LINE

To let you know that there are a lot of Ike Swift's stories coming in a short time. You know the kind. Same old snap and same old ginger in them. The date of the first one will be announced shortly. His new book, "Sketches of Gotham," is on the press and will soon be ready. The price is a Dollar and it's worth it. Orders are being received now.

## A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

FORT BAYARD, N. M., Sept. 11, 1906.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to say a few things in regard to a soldier's life in the wild and woolly West. I enlisted in the United States Army at Albany, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1905, and was sent to Fort Slocum, N. Y., as a



PRETTY GOOD JUMP, THIS.

Viola, of the Team of Viola and Reno. Comedy Acrobats. Makes a Wonderful Jump Blindfolded from a Table into a Barrel and Then Somersaults Out.

flashed in the sun and yet he kept at his work. He knew that he had scarcely one friend in ten of the scowling crowd of 1,500 men around the ring, and that they, unarmed, would dare to do or say but little. As he fought McCoolle over toward the latter's corner in the seventh round his eye caught the glitter of a double-edged sheath knife with a blade of nine inches as it severed the upper ropes, and he heard the munderous-looking wretch who wielded it hiss "I'll cut your guts out, you English —." And all around he heard the shouts, "Kill the — — —; no Englishman shall whip an Irishman here."

Between the seventh and eighth rounds as he sat for a few seconds on the knee of Butt Riley, one of his seconds, while McCoolle's people were doing their best to send him up for another round, Allen remarked: "They've got their knives out o'er their; they're goin' to kill me, those murderers; but I'll whip this man anyway; I'll go up and finish 'im."

McCoolle's friends and backers and those who had bet on him having cut the ropes and "crowd" into the ring in the ninth round found McCoolle "cowed" prone upon the ground, helpless and blind. He had to be picked up and carried to the boat. Allen, surrounded by a few friends who dared to stand by him, threw a blanket over his shoulders and led the way to the vessel. He had given McCoolle a complete whipping, but Val McKinney, the St. Louis referee, gave McCoolle the fight, alleging that at the very last Allen had gouged him. All the St. Louis papers were unanimous in refuting this lie, and some urged that the disgraceful scenes ought to put an end to prize fighting near that city.

It was with great reluctance that Allen and his

## WHEN YOU PLAY POKER

You want to play to win, of course. You can dope the game out if you know how. Poker; How to Win, will show you. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.

## BASEBALL NOTES

The St. Louis Club is dickering with Pittsburgh for third baseman Tim Sheehan.

President Ebbitts, of the Brooklyn Club, has declared that Patsy Donovan will be retained as manager for 1907.

Barney Dreyfuss has seen Maddox, of Cumberland, perform and now thinks he has a sure comer in that youngster.

It is said that the Cleveland Club paid \$6,000 for Pitcher Berger, of Columbus, and \$3,000 for Liebhardt, of Memphis.

Otto Kruger, after two years with the Toledo Club, goes back to the majors next year, having been drafted by Washington.

The Indianapolis Club is the highest salaried team in the American Association. It is also the tail-end in the pennant race.

Sammy Strang is a great admirer of Cecil Ferguson, and says he can hold his own at any time with any of the major league pitchers.

Speculation is rife in National League circles as to whether Garry Herrman will be re-elected Chairman of the National Commission.

Among the new talent captured by Jimmy McAleer for next season are Shortstop Butler, of the Akron Club, and Pitcher Parkins, of St. Paul.

Pitcher Dineen, of Boston, has gone to his home in Syracuse and will play no more this season. He has a lame arm. He expects to marry a Syracuse maiden soon.

Young Bates, Boston's clever little outfielder, who was starting the National League critics in the Spring by his hard hitting, has fallen in a big slump lately.

Abel Linares, who brought the All-Cuban team here a year ago, has been trying in vain to arrange with several major league clubs to play in the baby republic this winter.

It is said Fred Knowles, secretary of the New York Baseball Club, has purchased fifty shares in the Giant Club from Andrew Freedman, who formerly had the controlling interest.

Frank Schelbeck, with Cleveland in 1901, is playing second base for Detroit.

Tim Jordan made his tenth home run of the season on Sept. 11, for Brooklyn against Philadelphia.

The Brooklyn Club has done better in the money-making line this year than for several seasons past.

The St. Louis American Club was the only club in the two major leagues to refuse to waive claim to Joe Kelley.

Ban Johnson says that this has been a successful year for the American League, and all clubs will make money.

The Boston Club is trying out the young Haverhill catcher, Tom Madden. He is but 22 years of age, but fast as lightning.

Cincinnati has drafted a brother of Roy Thomas. President Herrmann had better put an anti-peddling clause in his contracts.

Ban Johnson says neither Bill Murray, of Jersey City, nor Armour, of Detroit, will be the Boston American Club's new manager.

Providence has secured a find for next season, it is said, in Clinton, the young Red Bank pitcher, who has been working in the Coast League.

Pitcher Harry Kane, purchased by Cleveland from the Savannah Club, instead of joining the Naps, played out the season with the outlaw Williamsport Club.

Manager Armour says that every player on the Detroit Club is his friend. The only unmanageable man on his team, according to him, was Catcher Warner.

Murray, the new center fielder of the Cardinals, has his predecessor, Homer Smoot, beaten at every angle. He is a fast fielder, a hard and accurate thrower and knows how to lace the leather.

Pitcher Ed Killian has patched up his differences with the Detroit Club and rejoined the team.

Ernest Vinson, the outfielder farmed to the Indians by the White Sox, and in turn farmed to the Three-I League, has been returned to the Indianapolis management.

The owners of the Boston Club in the National League have not drafted or bought a minor league player for next season. Must be going to sell sure this time.

McGraw has practically passed up the season's fight. He is looking forward to next season and hunting up youngsters who will make good when the fight waxes warm in 1907.

Comiskey invested heavily in catchers after Billy Sullivan smashed his thumb. Frank Roth was purchased from Milwaukee and Ed Murphy from Newcastle. With Towne, he now has five catchers, as Hub Hart, the ex-Georgetown boy, is still with the Sox.

The National Commission placed a fine of \$50 on Chase and Morlarity of the New York Americans and Fiene of the Chicago Americans. Chase and Morlarity are said to have played with an independent club at Elizabeth, N. J., on Sept. 2, while Fiene was declared to have played with the Logan Square team in Chicago recently. The action of the players was contrary to the National Agreement after due notice had been given to them.

## BEAT A BIG MAN

With a Jiu-Jitsu hold. It is a very easy matter if you know how. Get M. Ohashi's book published by Richard K. Fox. Price 10 cents; postage 2 cents extra.



## THE PALMY DAYS

HAVE ENDED FOR

## ENGLISH WRESTLERS

Britain Has no Such Great Athletes Now as it  
Had in the Years of Long Ago.

THEY WERE WONDERS IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

William Richardson Won 240 Belts, and His Prowess Has Never Been Equalled.  
Then They Wrestled for Love of the Game.

When one sees a Russian champion and a Turk competing on English soil for the wrestling championship of the world, as recently occurred, one cannot help wondering what has become of the prowess of the famous mat athletes of Devon and Cornwall, of Cumberland and Westmoreland, that they do not throw down the gauntlet and prove that their muscles are as strong and their skill as great as in the days when the British wrestler was the recognized champion of the world.

But because England seems to be for the moment eclipsed in this essentially British sport we must not rashly conclude that her wrestling days are over. If such a statement were made, twice ten thousand Britons from Cornwall to "the Lakes" would challenge it with one voice and be quite ready to make their challenge good and confute the statement by doughty deeds on the green.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland the love of wrestling runs in the blood; it is inherited from countless generations of ancestors, and you will scarcely find a village lad in either county who needs a second invitation to "throw down his cap and take hold," or who would not scoff at the delights of cricket or football when compared with the supreme bliss of "grasping" an opponent.

As long ago as Edward VI.'s time Westmoreland sent her champion, Herd, to wrestle before the king, and so delighted was his majesty with the giant's strength and agility that he rewarded him with a house and lands in his native county. And from that day down to the present there has been no generation which has not produced one or more worthy successors of the historic Herd.

The palmyest days for north of England wrestling, however, were in the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth century. Each county had its great meeting place, where the doughtiest wrestlers struggled for supremacy—Stone Carrs, near Greystoke; Langwathby, Melberby, the Swifts at Carlisle, Egremont, Arledon and many another center, where thousands gathered from every remote corner to applaud their favorites. And on the Sunday following his victory the champion went to church in state proudly wearing his challenge belt; and on the next Sunday displayed his decoration at the neighboring church by way of challenge.

And what famous wrestlers there were in those days! William Richardson, of Caldbeck, who won no fewer than 240 belts in his long and brilliant career; Longmire, who won his one hundred and seventy-fifth belt, with Charles Dickens among the spectators of his prowess; Dodd and Fawcett, Miles and Rowland, McLaughlin and Walker, and many others whose names and deeds are held in higher esteem in the dales of Westmoreland and Cumberland than those of the greatest statesmen and soldiers. In scores of remote fellside English farms you may see still some of these treasured belts, with a framed record of the achievements of their winners in long gone days. These trophies are looked upon with much pride by the descendants of the mighty men of old.

In those times athletes wrestled for the sheer love of the sport and the pride of winning, and not, as to-day, for costly belts and purses of gold. The prize was not, as in the old Olympic games, a single garland of leaves of the wild olive. It was a simple leather belt, the value of which was at most a few shillings, while for the leapers it was a pair of gloves, and for the foot racers a handkerchief. It was Christopher Wilson of Ellery, who first introduced money prizes when he got up a ring at Ambleside, and to-day \$600 is the sum set apart for the great annual contest at Grasmere, which is now the Olympia of wrestlers in the North of England.

In England, it may be interesting to note, there are at least three distinct styles of wrestling in favor. In Cumberland and Westmoreland the men grasp each other round the body and do not relax their grip until one or the other touches the ground with any part of the body, except, of course, his feet. In Lancashire the competitors catch hold where they can, and the struggle continues until both shoulders of the beaten man touch the ground, while the Cornwall and Devon system is for the two men to lay hold above the waist or by any portion of the jacket (the wrestlers wear strong, loose linen jackets), and the bout ends when one competitor is thrown flat on his back and his two shoulders and a hip, or two hips and one shoulder are in contact with the ground.

These three styles of English wrestling are not used very often in America, the catch-as-catch-can—something like the Lancashire—and Greco-Roman having won leading favor. Catch-as-catch-can is the highest

## SCIENTIFIC BOXING

A full course of lessons, how to train, and 46 full-page illustrations, written by the acknowledged champion of boxers, James J. Corbett. This invaluable book will be mailed you on receipt of 13 cents in stamps.

form of wrestling, and none other can justly be said to compare with it. In it a man can grasp any part of the body at any time, and the scantier the costume the better. Only one known hold, the strangle, is barred as a rule in catch-as-catch-can.

Of course in Greco-Roman no hold below the waist line is allowable, consequently the multitude of leg and

at least. He received little punishment as marks go, while De Coursey's face was beaten badly. The knock-out blow was landed just as the round was about to close, and many of the spectators declared that it was delivered while Richie was on his knees, where he had been thrown. Referee Van Court would not call it a foul, however, and awarded the decision to De Coursey.

## IKE SWIFT

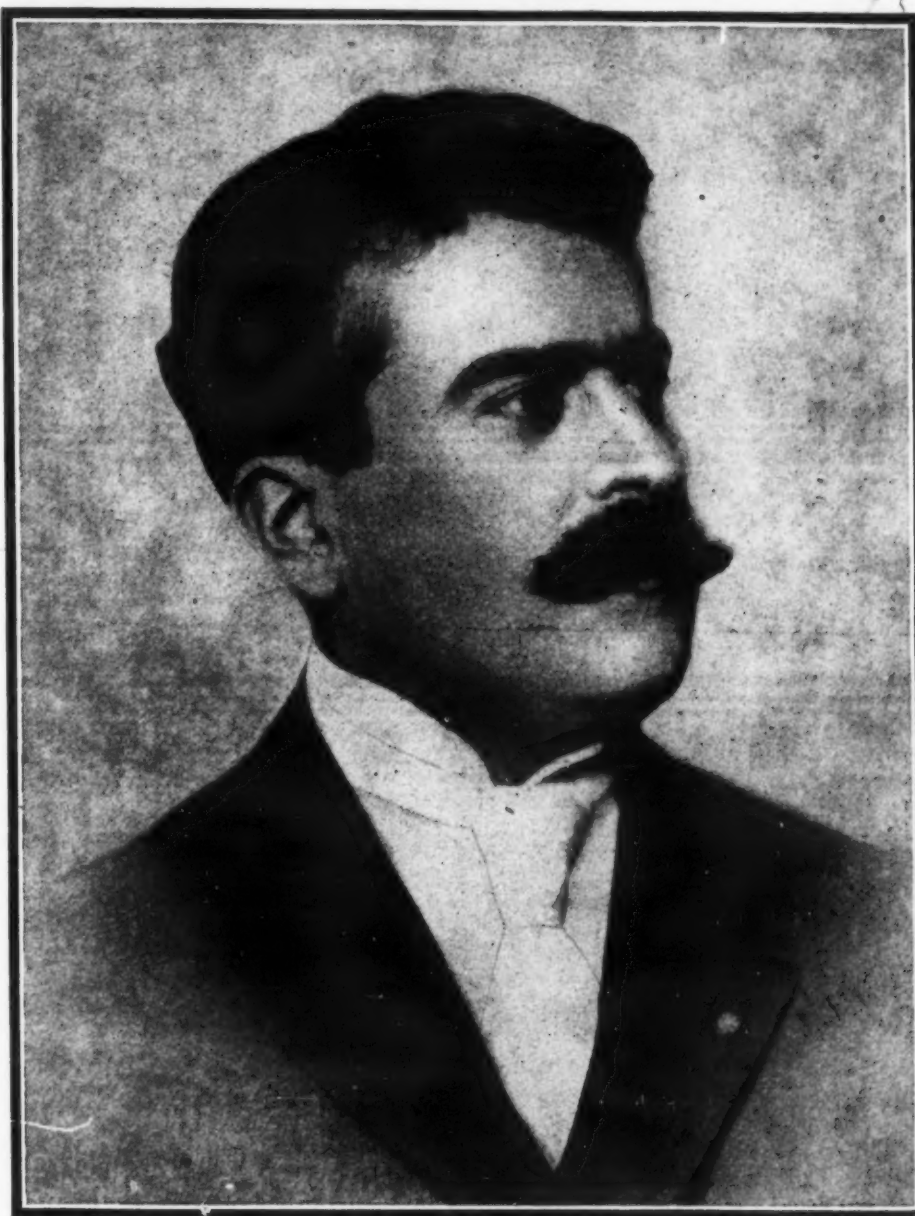
Is writing a new series of stories for the GAZETTE, entitled the Memoirs of a Hot Sport. The date of their appearance will be announced later. In the meantime a lot of people are inquiring about his book "Sketches of New York." It will be ready in about a month, and you can book in advance any time by sending in a dollar.

## HERRERA WINS.

In the opinion of the majority of the fans who witnessed the bout between Aurelio Herrera and Kid Goodman at the Lincoln Club, Chelsea, Mass., on Sept. 19, Referee Maffit Flaherty erred when he declared the Mexican the winner at the end of the fifteen rounds, the limit of the contest, and the worst the Kid should have got was a draw.

Goodman was the aggressor all through the contest, and easily outscored Herrera in twelve of the fifteen rounds. The Mexican's punches had more steam behind them than did those of the Kid, and he had the latter in a bad way three times. The Kid had the Mexican a bit wobbly in a couple of the rounds.

Had the Kid used the same tactics that the Mexican did, the battle would have disgusted the fans, for there would have been no boxing at all. Herrera laid back



G. A. KALIL.

He is the Owner of the Most Popular Restaurant, Rathskeller and Cafe in lower New York, and his Establishment, 14-18 Park Place, is one of the Most Artistic of its Kind.

combination leg holds is barred, thus robbing such a contest of much spectacular as well as scientific and interesting work.

## EASY FOR LEWIS.

Two thousand fight fans were slipped a nice juicy "lemon" at Grand Rapids, Mich., on Sept. 13, when they saw Harry Lewis of Philadelphia knock out Kid Herrick of Rochester, N. Y., in three rounds. Lewis had his man beaten by a good country mile, with a city block thrown in.

The secret leaked out to-day that Herrick went there and fought Lewis on but two days' training.

## LUCKY DE COURSEY.

In the last ten seconds of the twenty-five-round fight between Billy De Coursey and Johnny Richie before the National A. C., at San Diego, Cal., recently, De Coursey was given the decision on a knockout blow which was considered a foul blow by many, and was at least within ten seconds of the natural end of the fight. The crowd was the largest that has ever attended a fight in San Diego, and while many of the rounds were uninteresting, it was a good boxing match, with Richie having the best of the boxing three-fourths of the time

## THIS PUBLICATION IS

Invaluable to everyone interested in Athletics—The Official Book of Rules for All Sports. Revised and up-to-date. Mailed on receipt of seven 2-cent stamps.

## CHALLENGES

[The challenge editor will be pleased to publish all legitimate challenges in all sports, such as boxing, wrestling, skating, bowling, swimming, bicycling, walking, running, jumping, etc., etc.]

Harry Scroggs challenges at the light-weight limit.

Johnny Dwyer, of Perth Amboy, N. J., challenges any bantam in the country.

Herman Gerig, who wrestles at 155 pounds, challenges anybody who can make the weight.

Cyclone Sandy Williams, of Kansas City, will meet any 136-pound boxer in the country for a side bet.

Nate Frazin, of 3024 Wentworth avenue, Chicago, Ill., issues a challenge to any lightweight boxer in the West.

H. D. Averill, Dohrmann's Hotel, Hoboken, N. J., will match Kid Hoey and Johnny Crow against any amateur boxers in the East.

Miss Frances Weston, of Spotswood, N. J., who can box, would like to meet any other young woman in a contest. She can be addressed care of the GAZETTE office.

Al Boyce, a fancy roller skater of New York, who has been giving exhibitions of fancy skating in the rinks around New York, would like to compete for a trophy.

Fred Millington, of Memphis, Tenn., would like to get a match with Sam Anderson, of Millington, Tenn., at 105 pounds. Millington can be found at 492 Fifth street, Memphis, Tenn.

One of the best 116-pound boys around New York is Jeff O'Connell, who is open to meet any of the lads at his weight. He would like to hear from some of the bantams in Pennsylvania.

Billy Wall, a sturdy 145-pound wrestler, of Hoboken, N. J., wants to try his skill against any of the wrestlers in New York or New Jersey, and he doesn't care if they weigh as much as 180 pounds. Wall has defeated many larger grapplers than himself.

John Alexander, better known as the Terrible Russian, who was the wrestling partner of Hackenschmidt while in Europe, would like to meet Adolph Suloff on the mat at Greco-Roman style, for a side bet. Alexander can be found at Speire's Cottage, Coney Island, N. Y.

The Clarence Brass Band, of Clarence, Mo., issues a challenge to any ten-piece band in the United States for money or glory. The members are: James Crow, Charles Sherwood, B. H. Gadd, B. B. Barton, Artie Sherwood, H. W. Sherwood, E. Thurman, F. S. Shepard, C. Griswold and P. Tatman.

Young Otto, the New York boxer with the hard punch, is out with a challenge to meet anyone in the roped arena. The only condition that Otto imposes is that his opponent shall not weigh more than 128 pounds. He knocked out Tommy Mowatt in less than one round and has a record for quick knockouts.

C. C. Simmons, who is managing Percy Cove, one of the best bantams on the Pacific coast, writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from Everett, Wash., that he is anxious to match his protege with Jimmy Walsh, of Boston, Mass. Jack Sullivan, manager of the Everett A. C., at Everett, Wash., will give the boys 60 per cent. of the gross receipts to battle for and it is now up to Mr. Keenan, manager of Walsh. This same offer is open to Frankie Neil.

## Pugilistic Doings.

The match between Al Kauffman and Tommy Burns has finally been declared off.

Gus Bezenah and Eddie Kelley have been matched to box at a new club near Cincinnati this month.

Joe Gregg and Eddie Chambers recently fought a slashing six-round draw at the National A. C., Philadelphia.

Young Corbett announces that he will shortly return to his home at Denver, Colo., to undergo a course of training.

The Davenport, Iowa, club has decided not to give Frank Carney any money for quitting cold in his fight with Abe Attell.

Darkey Haley, one of the best featherweights in England, has been cabled by a New York sport to come to America.

Digger Stanley, the English bantam, and Jimmy Walsh may be matched to meet before the Lincoln A. C., at Chelsea, Mass.

Only twenty rounds of the pictures of the Gans-Nelson fight will be shown, as many of the rounds were slow and uninteresting.

The proposed match between Abe Attell and Terry McGovern fell through. The representatives of both could not agree on the weight question.

Matty Baldwin, the New England boxer, is now under the management of Johnny Mooney, who looks after the interests of Honey Melody.

Joe Gans has been offered \$1,500 a week for four weeks by a Chicago theatrical agency. As the colored boxer's hand is broken, he will have to decline it.

Jimmy Gardiner is in Denver, and his manager, Pat Minnahan, states if the Lincoln Club gives Gardiner transportation he will come back to Boston and box Joe Thomas.

Jack Dougherty, the Milwaukee welterweight, wants to meet Joe Walcott again, for Dougherty says it was a lucky punch that beat him when they fought at Chelsea.

## PUGILISTS AND WRESTLERS

Looking for matches should send their pictures and challenges to this office and they will be given special attention.

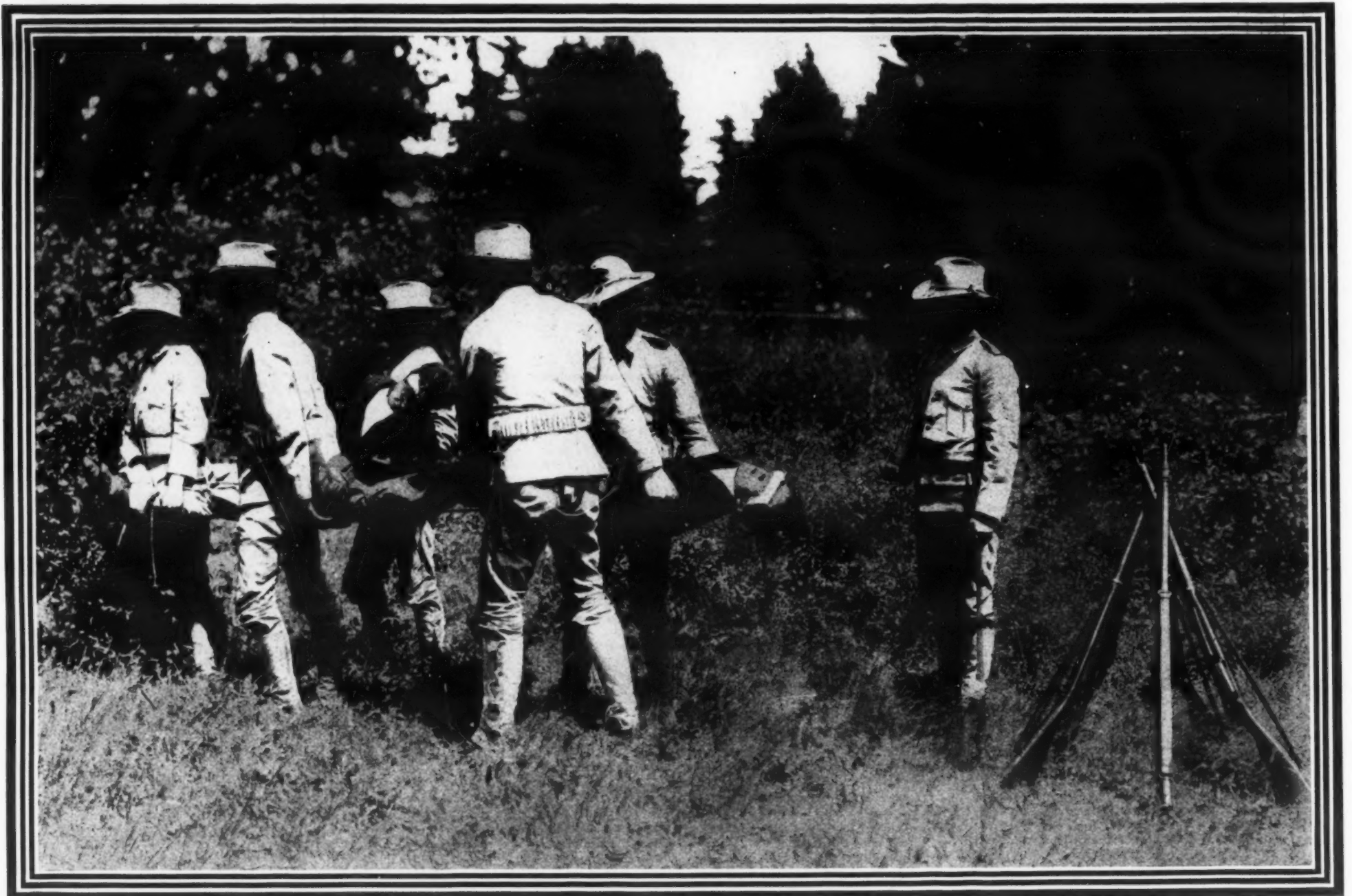
THE KING OF CARDS, "HOYLE," CONTAINS ALL RULES...MAILED ON RECEIPT OF FIFTEEN 2-CENT STAMPS





AFTER THE MEDALS.

NELSON, M'DONNELL, M'SWEENEY, JOYCE, SHEPPARD, COHN AND FREEMAN, BEGINNING THE THREE MILES IN THE CLAN-NA-GAEL GAMES AT CELTIC PARK.



*Photo by Walden Fawcett - Portland, Ore.*

AFTER THE SKIRMISH.

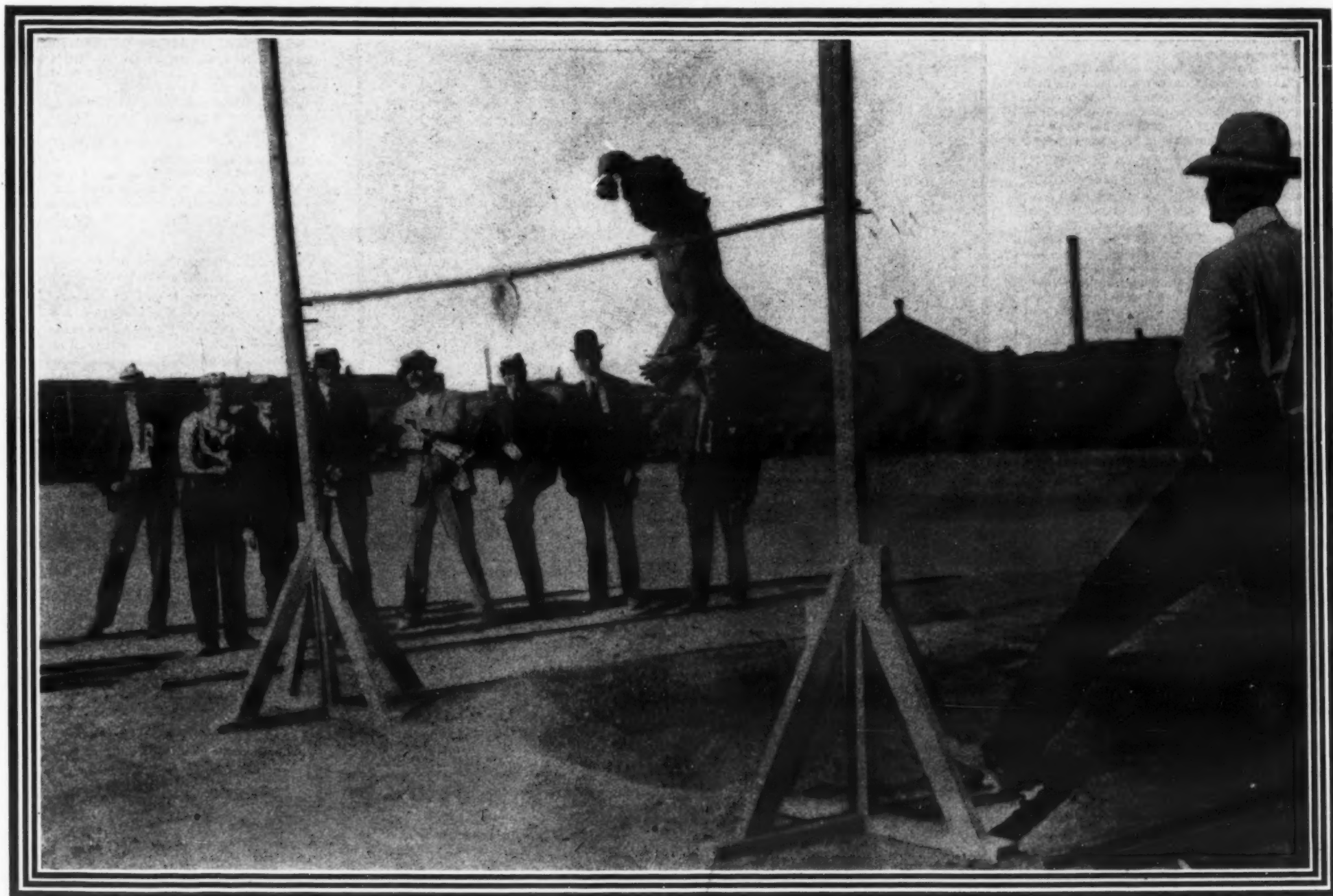
A DRAMATIC SCENE IN THE FAR OFF PHILIPPINE ISLANDS--ONE BOY WHO WILL NEVER AGAIN ANSWER TO HIS NAME AT THE ROLL CALL OF HIS REGIMENT.





AT THE FINISH.

W. J. KEATING WINNING THE 100-YARD DASH, WITH C. HALGAN SECOND, IN THE CLAN-NA-GAEL GAMES WHICH WERE RECENTLY HELD AT CELTIC PARK, LONG ISLAND.



*Photo by Waldon Faircliff, Portland, Ore.*

GETTING AWAY WITH IT.

H. W. KERRIGAN, OF PORTLAND, ORE., IN THE ACT OF CLEARING THE BAR AT 6 FEET 1 INCH IN THE RUNNING HIGH JUMP—HE IS AN ATHLETE OF NO MEAN ABILITY.



# JEFF WILL FIGHT WINNER —FOR \$50,000—DOESN'T CARE WHO THE MAN IS— OF NEXT BIG BATTLE

Goldfield, Nev., Already Framing up Inducements for the  
Greatest of all Champions to Return to the Ring.

## MOVING PICTURES SHOW FOUL BLOW NELSON STRUCK

Small Talk in the Pugilistic World—Tom Sharkey Says \$50,000 Purse Looks  
Good to Him—Larry Sullivan was a Success—Bowery Boy in 'Frisco.

Jim Jeffries in another contest for pugilistic supremacy is almost an assured fact. He has been in conference and hoolobbing with the Goldfield promoters and has signified his willingness to fight for the \$50,000 purse which has been mentioned as the sum necessary.

And who wouldn't? The preliminaries leading up to this unparalleled event will begin with the little turn-up between Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Sam Berger, which they claim will decide the heavyweight championship of the world.

Then Jeff will say to the winner, "What, you a champion? I'm from Missouri!" He'll lie when he says he's from Missouri, but the significance of the remark will be appreciated by the other fellow, and he will reply: "All right."

Thereupon the promoters, both on the Coast and at Goldfield, will begin to bid for a match between the winner of the bout and Jeff. The result will be the largest purse ever offered for a pugilistic contest, and that is what will bring Jeff again to the centre of the ring.

The Goldfield Athletic Club is now considering the question, and there will be an announcement shortly.

It is not unlikely that Tex Rickard and his associates will go as high as \$50,000 for a fight between Jeff and the winner of the O'Brien bout, and as the heavyweights are in the game solely for the money, the next bout of importance will be in the Nevada mining camp. There is small doubt that whatever the purse it will exceed by thousands any sum ever offered to two pugilists.

The public will not be enamored of the match, either between Jeff and O'Brien or Jeff and Berger, for neither of those men is in the class of the boller-maker. But it is difficult to see where a better opponent can be found, as Jeff has drawn the color line on Jack Johnson, the best heavy in America next to the boller-maker. Therefore, if the clubs are willing to give the purse, there is no reason to believe that the Los Angeles farmer will refuse, as he has found farming to be anything but profitable.

But Berger and O'Brien are figuring on their chances with the big fellow, and both seem to be of the opinion that he will prove easy, owing to his inability to train down. It can be depended on that he will insist on plenty of time in which to train and that he will re-enter the ring with all his strength and hitting power, although he will lose something in the matter of speed.

What will the result be?

Why—in a gallop!

Joe Gans' claim that the pictures would prove conclusively that Nelson fouled him and that Referee Siler was wholly justified in deciding the fight as he did, was demonstrated the other day in 'Frisco, when the first exhibition of the reproduced fight was given to a select coterie of local newspaper and sporting men. The first ten and last two rounds of the fight were thrown upon the screen, and barring a few defects that will be remedied before they are shown to the general public, they are much clearer than the Brit-Nelson pictures, as they were shown in Mechanics' Pavilion last year.

The thing that was watched for more closely than any other feature of the pictures was the foul that ended the fight. The forty-second round was taken after six o'clock, and is naturally not as distinct as the preceding rounds. The punch is so short and the action so rapid that it is a very difficult thing to see the actual delivery of the foul. In fact, very few of those present saw the punch the first time the round was run off. The round was re-run a second time at a slower speed and the foul punch was very evident. Nelson is standing with his back toward Gans' corner and Gans is standing in a position that gives a three-quarter view of his back. The punch is a low left drive and is shown to be a palpable foul. The excitement that ensues is very clearly pictured.

Referring to that story which appeared in last week's GAZETTE attributing an interview with Harry Corbett in which Corbett is made to describe the peculiar announcing of Larry Sullivan, of Goldfield, Corbett was not the man who told the story. The author, says T. P. Magilligan, who wrote it, was another well-known sporting man, who was at the ringside. Mr. Corbett is a great admirer of Sullivan's, and does not wish it to appear that he said anything about a man whom he considers one of the best fellows he ever met in his long career as a sporting man.

And speaking of Larry Sullivan, there is no disputing the fact that outside of Tex Rickard, no one, probably, did more than he to make the Goldfield fight a success, and that it was such a stupendous success is due in no small part to his indefatigable efforts.

Larry is a big, wholesome fellow whose capacious breast is largely occupied by his heart. Besides being a good Indian he is a genuine magnate, and when you are one of those in a community of millionaires like Goldfield that is going some.

When the idea of a fight first hit Goldfield, Larry Sullivan stepped forward and in his usual modest way remarked, "I'm there with the goods." He was. When it came to making up the purse Larry climbed

aboard with a cold \$7,500, and all through the painful negotiations with Nolan he stood to lose just that much pocket money.

Gans came to the camp needing a manager. Larry stepped in, and though he was new to the business which nowadays requires a man with the subtlety of Rockefeller and the stubbornness of a mule, did the

to the whole managerial thing in 'Frisco pugilistic circles. He has control of the big club at Colma, and will soon be pulling off the best fights. If his plans don't miscarry. Everything has been arranged to start the ball rolling, and as soon as Roche can select his talent the music will start.

One of the matches he has in mind will decide a championship. "I want to bring together Joe Walcott and Joe Thomas as soon as I can," said Roche. "I want to see them decide that welterweight championship. Thomas would have a great chance to beat Walcott. The way I look at it, it is one coming and the other going. Walcott is not the man he once was, though he has a fight or two left in him yet. Part of one hand shot off, so this handicaps him some, but Walcott can fight. If Walcott comes out he will want another crack at Gans, which might be arranged. I think Gans and Walcott put up one of the greatest battles ever seen in the ring when they fought here."

Sounds like a voice from the grave when the biggest and nerviest pugilistic gold brick of the decade, Jack Munroe, begins to chirp about the present day aspirants to championship honors. In a letter to a friend in this city, Munroe says:

"Speaking of champions, it is to laugh. Look at the bunch of them—Tommy Burns, Jack O'Brien, Marvin Hart, Gus Ruhlin, Mike Schreck, Sam Berger and others. I wonder if any of those fellows are in the championship class? Why any of those fellows, with the possible exception of two, would fight for a meal ticket, and the best men in the game will not fight for such compensation.

"Champions who were champions, such as Sullivan, Corbett and the great Jeff, spent more money in a day than any of the present crop of 'champions' could make in five years. It is impossible to get the best men for the cheap purses offered these days.

"The really good men can make more money in

that a former sparring partner of mine fought Sailor Burke some time ago.

"However, in order to end the matter, I will make the following proposition, viz:

"A Fight For Love," opens at Asbury Park in one week, and if the Sailor still labors under the hallucination that he has ever fought me I will give him \$500 if I do not put him out inside of four rounds, the contest to take place on the stage, any night."

Even in his own country, California, Al Kauffman, the former amateur, and now an aspirant for heavyweight championship honors, is looked upon as a "lemon" of the most pronounced yellow type, and Manager McCarey is about ready to cut the big fellow's name from the Pacific Athletic Club's list of eligible fighters.

A final telegram was sent to Kauffman after a wire had been received from McCarey's representative in Philadelphia to the effect that it was impossible to get any satisfaction from Kauffman about fighting Tommy Burns.

Flynn and Burns have not as yet signed articles because McCarey held out for Kauffman, believing the latter would prove more of a drawing card than Flynn. As a native son, Kauffman might attract more attention, though Flynn has done far more to recommend himself to patrons of the game.

A cynical person alleges that Nelson was the distinct gainer as the result of his defeat by Gans. It is alleged that a young woman who had promised to marry the Dane backed out after his defeat.

I met Tom Sharkey at Coney Island during the Mardi Gras, and he told me he is willing to re-enter the ring with Jeffries if the Goldfield Club will hang up a purse, say of a paltry sum of \$50,000. Of course, this amount is of no consequence to Tom as he is well supplied with the wherewithal, but he would like to fight for the sport of it. If Jeffries will not agree to meet him, Tom will take any other good man, but the purse must be \$50,000. Sharkey would like to have three months to get into condition.

The task of reforming the professional boxing rules has been assumed by Tom McCarey, manager of the Pacific A. C., of Los Angeles, in addition to his other duties. Mr. McCarey says that the weights should be rearranged, the rules amended, and the old game of fistclouts put on a new basis.

He wants the promoters to meet in Los Angeles this coming Winter and go over the rules and fix them up so that there will be no chance for managers of the Nolan stripe to manipulate matters the way he did in the match with Gans.

It is quite true that the rules and weights of boxing should be revised, and there are many errors in the regulations that should be corrected. But the rules are not the main trouble with the game of boxing, and a revision of the weights will not have the effect of removing all the troubles that beset the sport.

The trouble with boxing is the dishonesty and trickery of the boxers, managers and promoters. What is wanted is an association that will make rules for the disciplining and punishment of the fellows who arrange fakes. Permanent expulsion from the association and disbarment from boxing is what is needed to really put the game on a solid basis, and the public will never have any confidence in the sport until such action is taken. With a few dozen fakers and fakearrangers outside the breastworks and the assurance that all offenders would get the same treatment boxing might have some chance in the eyes of the public and cease to be the athletic orphan it now is.

Baseball was purified by the blacklisting of Nichols, Craver, Hall and Devlin, and the only way that horse racing manages to exist is through the constant application of discipline to offending riders and trainers. The promoters of boxing must cleanse their own game before they can hope to gain the confidence and support of the public.

An attempt to form an American boxing association, with the object of cleansing the game of its sore spots, was made in 1898, but the promoters for the most part declined to attend the meeting, indicating that they were not very enthusiastic about the cleansing of the game. By all means revise the rules, but that is but a minor defect in the boxing game.

SAM C. AUSTIN.

## IKE SWIFT

Is writing a new series of stories for the GAZETTE, entitled the Memoirs of a Hot Sport. The date of their appearance will be announced later. In the meantime a lot of people are inquiring about his book "Sketches of New York." It will be ready in about a month, and you can book in advance any time by sending in a dollar.

## O'BRIEN AND BERGER AGAIN.

Jack O'Brien and Sam Berger have been matched for a battle to be held at Colma, Cal., on Thanksgiving Day. The details of the match were agreed upon at a conference between Coffroth and Jack Cribbins, O'Brien's manager.

The articles as framed at that meeting call for a forty-round or a finish battle, to take place in the daytime. The fighters are to receive 66-2-3 per cent of the receipts, of which 75 per cent goes to the winner and 25 per cent to the loser. The fighters and the club will share equally in the pictures. There is to be no hitting in the clinches.

## FOUL DID NOT GO.

In a most unsatisfactory fight Young Molen won from Jimmy Hamilton before the National Club at Stockton, Cal., on Sept. 11, in the fifth round. While ducking a swing Hamilton slipped and just about the time he struck the floor on his hands and knees Molen struck him in the short ribs and he rolled over. Hamilton's seconds claimed a foul, but after an examination by a physician, Referee Crowley declared Molen the winner.

Edwards and Taylor fought a draw; Jack Walton won from Kid George and Deacon Jones secured a decision from "Marvin" Hart.

## YOU CAN BE A CARD EXPERT

If you possess a copy of Fox's Revised Hoyle's Games. Just published and now ready. It is an authority. Price 25 cents; postage 5 cents extra. Address "Police Gazette."



Photo by Dana, San Francisco.

## LIGHTWEIGHT CHAMPION JOE GANS.

The Latest Photograph of the Man who met Battling Nelson at Goldfield, Nev., Recently and Settled the Dane's Claim to Supremacy.

best he knew how. It was a pretty good best, and to-day there is no one in Goldfield to whom Gans is more grateful than Larry Sullivan.

Yet he did not quite top the pinnacle of success until he took Billy Jordan's customary place on the day of the fight. Larry's reception attested his popularity and up there in the desert a man has to be a man to be popular.

When Larry went to Goldfield two years ago he didn't walk in, but neither did he ride up in a million horse power automobile with little children scattering roses under the wheels. He could go out that way now if he wanted to. He's got the price.

At his old stamping ground, Portland, Ore., where sportdom knew him well, they eagerly rehearse Larry's history now that he's broken into "Who's Who in America," and they tell with great gusto the tales of the days he used to be a fighter himself. He went it with bare knuckles in the old style and his last famous bout was with a tough chap he licked after seventy-five rounds of milling.

Billy Roche, formerly of the Bowery, now a self-constituted full-fledged Native Son, is pretty close

ACTORS AND ACTRESSES  
Are requested to send us Photographs in costume for publication. Group pictures are desirable.

other occupations. That is the reason the prize ring is retrograding."

I suppose Munroe regards himself as one of the "really good men," that is why, perhaps, he is "barking" for a freak show at some little Coney Island in the wilds of Canada.

Battling Nelson has arrived in Chicago and posted \$10,000 for another match with Gans. He also denounced Siler. The Dane now feels much better, but hasn't changed public opinion to any extent.

Bob Fitz got his dander up the other day and the result was an immediate demand for somebody to fight. It all happened in this way. He arose on this memorable morning with a satisfied smile. Just to keep in practice the ruby one pounds the air with his huge freckled fists and then sits down to his breakfast and his paper.

Presto! The world no longer looked bright and cheery for him, for there before his very eyes was a story that he had once been defeated in manly combat by one Sailor Burke.

Robert did not know that it was a typographical error, and his fighting blood was up, and he proceeded to pound the typewriter. When he had finished, this letter was the result:

"So that alleged fighter from Brooklyn bested me. Well, I wish to say, in justice to myself, that I never met Sailor Burke, although I have a dim recollection



## INFORMATION BUREAU OPEN

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If You Wish to Know Anything About Pugilism, Athletics,  
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DON'T HESITATE TO SEND A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

We Like to Air Our Knowledge and Are Always Pleased to Give You Accurate  
Information to Settle Various Wagers.

J. H., Meriden, Conn.—Low wins.  
W. G. P., Allegheny, Pa.—See answer to S. W. B.  
H. E. P., Montgomery, Ala.—See answer to S. W. B.

R. R. MacR., Buxton, Iowa.—No records of either of the men you mention.

Joe Young, Shelbyville, Ill.—Yes, you were entitled to 50 per cent. of it.

Reader, Chanute, Kan.—The ball must be placed as near as possible to where it had been.

A. J. D., Fort Sam Houston, Tex.—The Buffalo Bill Wild West Show is traveling in Europe.

B. W., Chicago.—Who was Gans' manager the time he fought Battling Nelson last Labor Day?..... Larry Sullivan.

J. H. W., Logansport, Ind.—Did John L. Sullivan ever engage in a fight with a negro, either in public or private?.....No.

J. I. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bets B that a straight flush beats four aces, draw poker?.....A is right, a straight flush wins.

M. K., Troy, N. Y.—Let me know Battling Nelson's correct name?.....That is his name. See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

J. M. F. J., Blacksburg.—According to your own club rules the alternating straight flush would win the pot. We do not answer questions by mail.

D. D., Hartford, Conn.—In the battle between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, did they fight with gloves or bare knuckles?.....Bare knuckles.

P. D. W., Ravensdale, Wash.—Would like to know if Walcott and Gans ever fought?.....They fought a twenty-round draw in San Francisco in 1904.

R. F. M., Wichita, Kan.—Anybody can eat a quail a day for thirty days. If you could eat thirty a day for thirty days you might have a chance with the POLICE GAZETTE champion.

E. G. E., Leesville, La.—I. Sullivan never won the title of champion of the world. 2. See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual," six two-cent stamps; contains all pugilistic records.

H. B., Fort Smith, Ark.—To decide a bet, advise me as to the number of rounds fought by Sullivan and Kilrain, at Richburg, Miss.?.....Kilrain and Sullivan fought seventy-five rounds. Kilrain was unable to respond to the call of time for the seventy-sixth.

\*\*\*\*\*

## SEND THEM IN.

Photographs of any event that will entertain anyone else, and if the subject is good, they will be published free of cost.

Reader, Canton, O.—See answer to S. W. B.  
Reader, Cleveland, Ohio.—B wins, as the Jack always counts.

C. N., Philadelphia, Pa.—He is an Italian, and his name is Noah Brusso.

H. M., Berlin, N. H.—At six o'clock Walcott weighed 132½, and Lavigne 133.

W. M. C., Mobile, Ala.—Was Jack Madden ever champion of the world?.....No.

M. F. Q., Washington, D. C.—Sullivan never won the title of champion of the world.

S. R., New York.—There are two Manhattan streets in Manhattan Borough. Which one do you mean?

A. V. B., Cooperstown, N. Y.—Which city in New York State covers the most ground?.....Greater New York.

C. F. S., Salina, Kan.—Low wins. If the bidder needed one to go out and had high he would be out if he made his bid.

J. F. D., Vale Summit, Md.—McGovern hasn't been fighting ten years all told. See "Police Gazette Sporting Annual."

S. W. B.—I have an old twenty-five cent piece made in 1819, and I want to know if there is a premium on it?.....Inquire of a coin dealer.

T. W. S., Lamar, Mo.—A bet B that Gans wouldn't whip Nelson; did Gans whip Nelson or did he only get the decision?.....He whipped him.

M. G. M., Calumet, Mich.—Pinochle; A melds 150 trumps and then lays down the other king of trumps and claims forty more?.....He cannot do it.

Bob, Anacortes, Wash.—A wagers B that a pugilist must weigh 170 pounds or more to be in the heavyweight class?.....Over 156 pounds is heavyweight.

Former Pupil.—Let me know if William Elmer, the boxing instructor, who used to be in Forty-second street, still teaches, and if so, where he moved to?..... Yes; school is in the same place.

D. B., Greenwood, Ark.—In a four-handed game of seven-up, where one party reigns, does the opposite side claim the game on that particular trick or the whole game?.....You score four on that hand.

J. T. B., New York City.—Is it allowed to hold three-round bouts in New York City? Let me know how a young fellow can start in the boxing business who hasn't any backing?.....1. No. 2. Give it up.

Reader, Providence, R. I.—A bets that Jack Dempsey did not weigh 150 pounds when he fought Fitzsimmons; B lets be weighed over 150 pounds?..... Dempsey weighed 147½, Fitzsimmons 150½ pounds.

J. P., Jr., Nashua, N. H.—I bet a party that the ring of the Gans-Nelson fight was 24-foot square, for a

championship fight calls for it; the other party bets it was an 18-foot ring; who wins?.....This was an 18-foot ring. So stipulated in the articles.

J. J. P., Watertown, Fla.—I have one of John Moore's prints of the Broome-Hannan fight, which took place Jan. 25, 1846; do you know if a key to this print similar to the key of the Jim Ward picture of



GEORGE BOTHNER.

Lightweight Champion Wrestler Who Has  
Planned a Busy Campaign for the Fall.

the Heenan-Sayers fight, was ever issued, and if so, where can I obtain one?.....Probably at some old English print shop. We never saw one.

Reader, St. Louis, Mo.—In Gans and Frank Erne fight when Gans' eye was knocked out of its socket; who won that fight? Who is the champion welterweight fighter? Did Jim Corbett and Tom Sharkey

ever have a fight?.....I. Gans' eye wasn't knocked out of its socket. He had a deep cut over the eye, and he quit from loss of blood? 2. Joe Gans. 3. Yes, and Corbett lost on a foul.

A. A. H., Los Angeles, Cal.—Under what rules did Sullivan and Ryan fight in Mississippi in 1882, and at that time what was the time allowed between rounds?.....London Prize Ring rules. Thirty seconds.

J. W. M., Denver, Colo.—A bets B 1 to 2 that C won't last fifteen rounds with D; C has better of fight for twelve rounds when D fouls C out; referee gives fight to C?..... Money goes with referee's decision in this case.

H. E. P., Pink'un Hotel, Nanaimo, B. C.—Cribbage; B's deal. A leads 4; B returns 5, making 9; A plays 2, making 11; B plays 5, making 16; A plays 3, making 19, claiming run of 4. Is the run legal?..... There is no run.

Reader, Union City, Mich.—What did Bob Fitzsimmons weigh when he defeated Corbett at Carson City? What is the middleweight limit?.....1. No official weights were taken; he said he weighed 157½ pounds. 2. 156 pounds.

Reader.—A bet B that the fight between Jabes White and Jimmy Britt was stopped in the twentieth round; B bet that Britt won the fight on points; who wins? A bet B that Joe Walcott was never beaten by Joe Gans; B bets that Joe Gans beat Walcott in eleven rounds; who wins?.....1. In the twentieth round White collapsed, dropped his hands and was helpless, and the referee stopped the bout and gave Britt the decision. 2. Gans and Walcott fought a twenty-round draw in San Francisco in 1904.

## A HOT SPORT

From Sportville will be the subject of Ike Swift's next series of stories, which will soon be ready—announcement will be made later. They will be better than the other ones. His book, "Sketches of Gotham," is on the press now, and it's going to create a sensation when it appears. Already advance orders are being booked and if you want one of the early copies send your dollar now. The pictures alone are worth the money.

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## A SPORTING SALOONIST

Wise Bartenders will Get Good Tips in This Column.



Dan Keefe is the proprietor of a fine saloon known as "The Police Gazette Saloon," at Belleville, N. J. Mr. Keefe was at one time a top-notch boxer in the welterweight division, and never misses a fist encounter when held in his vicinity. He is a favorite with the sporting fraternity in New Jersey, and has many admirers among prominent business men.

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If you are at all ambitious you certainly ought to win a medal, and if you are at all energetic you will certainly try.

It isn't every day you have a chance like this, and if you are at all wise you will take full advantage of it.

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**THIRD PRIZE—\$25.00 Gold Medal.**

You write out a good recipe—new, of course—for some kind of a drink, and then you send it to this office, where it goes on file.

That recipe which is considered the best by the experts who decide, is awarded the first prize. That means a \$75 medal for you if you happen to be the author of that particular recipe.

You have three chances, anyhow.

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

Could anything be easier?

But in the meantime don't forget to enter the contest. Tell your friends about it, too.

#### SKIDDOO PUNCH.

(John J. Higgins, Exchange Cafe, Binghamton, N. Y.)

Two dashes Orange bitters, one small drink of brandy, one Jigger Benedictine, juice of a lime, five dashes syrup. Put in large whiskey glass, stir well, fill with charged water, fruit.

#### C. A. D.

(By C. A. Dolson, 344 No. Third street, Philadelphia.)

Small mixing glass half full shaved ice; one spoonful pulverized sugar; four dashes Calburus Wild Cherry; pony glass whiskey. Dress with lemon peel and nutmeg. Can be made hot or cold.

#### DAVENPORT BRACER.

(By Hank Mok, The St. Julien, Davenport, Iowa.)

Large mixing glass half full of ice; one spoon of pulverized sugar; juice of half a lemon; six dashes Creme de Cacao; quarter Jigger Blackberry Brandy; half Jigger Rye whiskey; white of one egg. Shake well, strain in large bar glass, then fizz and serve.

#### MANTAKE COCKTAIL.

(By H. Edward Hohman, 868 No. Howard street, Baltimore, Md.)

Use large bar glass half full shaved ice; one dash Angostura; one wine glass imported Benedictine; one wine glass of French Brandy. Mix well, strain in fancy cocktail glass and serve with twist of lemon peel on top.

#### A DREAM.

(By Edw M. Roberts, 115 Main St., Vancouver, Wash.) Take a slim four-ounce glass with cracked ice and stir around a few moments to thoroughly chill the glass as well as to moisten it; then throw out the ice, dash a flavor of Angostura around the inside of the glass, a dash of Anisette

in the bottom; fill two-thirds full of cream soda, put in a pony of Creme de Menthe, top off with a pony of Amer, put in cherry, serve with straw.

#### ALBERT COCKTAIL.

(By J. B. Bello, Hotel Albert, New York.)

One dash Orange bitters; one dash Benedictine; one-half French Vermouth; one-half Italian Vermouth. Spoon, strain in cocktail glass, add cherry, squeeze lemon peel.

#### FROM MIKE SULLIVAN.

Mike (Twin) Sullivan writes to the POLICE GAZETTE from his home in Cambridge, Mass., that he will concede anything to get on a match with champion Joe Gans. Mike claims the colored boxer did not treat him fair in their last battle and says he was notified by Gans personally that he did not intend to box. He consequently broke training, and a few days before the appointed time was notified by the club officials that the colored boy would battle.

Gans had evidently been training on the quiet, for he entered the ring in good condition.

It was anybody's battle until the fifteenth round, with the dusky boxer the winner. Mike has since knocked out Rube Smith and Jack Dougherty, both good welterweights.

In conclusion he says that he has \$1,000 to post as a forfeit, and if given the opportunity will put up a cleaner battle than Nelson did.

#### FITZ THE BEST.

Willie Fitzgerald again demonstrated his superiority over Amby McGarry, the New York lightweight, who was looked upon by his numerous admirers in Gotham as a champion. The boys met in a six-round battle at Bridgeport, Conn., on Sept. 20.

Fitzgerald started with a tantalizing straight left that hit the mark every time. In the second round a succession of lefts and rights to the chin put McGarry to his knees.

In the fourth round Fitzgerald put Amby down for the count three times, and could have put him out had the gloves been less than pillows. The bell saved Amby as he broke from a clinch and tottered to his corner. The fifth round was a repetition of the fourth. Fitz received one hard right swing from McGarry in this round on the side of the face that gave the McGarry rooters hope, but after that Fitz took no chances.

In the sixth Fitzgerald put McGarry down with a right swing to the jaw. Amby took the count and hung on the rest of the round. At the finish McGarry was very tired.

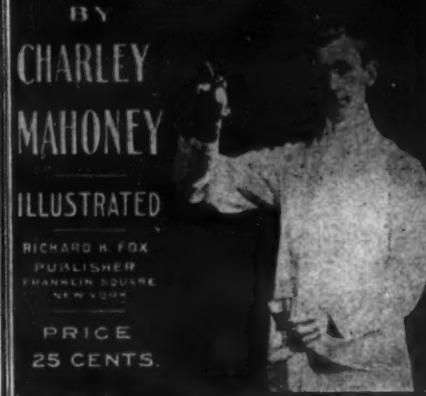
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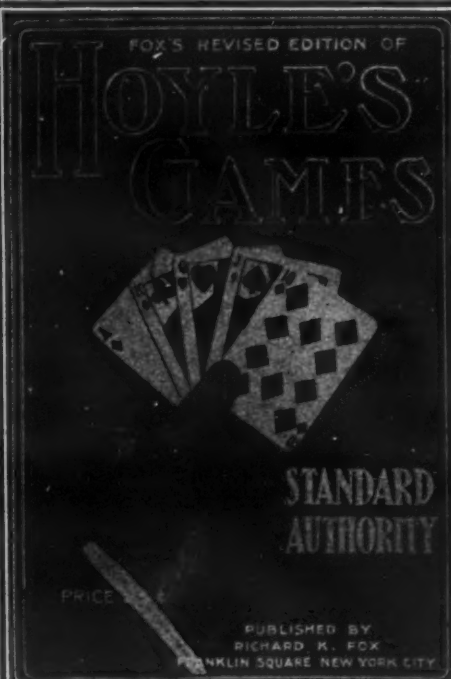
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### SPONGE SAVED JAMES.

Kid Sullivan, the Washington (D. C.) lightweight, showed his superiority over Jimmy Briggs, the sturdy Bostonian, in the ninth round of what was scheduled to be a fifteen-round argument before the Eureka A. C., at Baltimore, Md., on Sept. 20. Sullivan wore his man down with body blows, and in the seventh Jimmy was staggering at the end of the round. In the ninth round, after Briggs had been sent to the floor three times, Steve Mahoney threw up the sponge to save his man from a knockout.

### M'GOVERN AND YOUNG CORBETT.

Those two old rivals, Terry McGovern and Young Corbett, will meet in a six-round battle at the National A. C., Philadelphia, on Oct. 9, at catchweights. The match was arranged without much trouble, Joe Humphreys representing McGovern and Corbett transacting own business. Should a knockout take place the purse is to be divided 65 per cent to the winner and 35 per cent to the loser.

A special train will carry the New York sports to the scene of the battle.

### AN EASY WAY TO LOSE.

Arthur Cote, of Biddeford, Me., won a decision over Harry Edels, of Chelsea, Mass., at the opening meet of the Haverhill A. C., at Haverhill, Mass., on Sept. 22. The Chelsea lad fouled Cote in the sixth round. Up to the time of the foul Cote had the better of the contest. The Biddeford boy used his left repeatedly, and frequently landed on his opponent's jaw and head. Edels showed up poorly, having no steam to his blows. In the sixth round Edels kicked Cote, and the latter fell to the floor.

### GRADY'S DECISION.

Mike Grady, of Boston, Mass., won the decision over Gus Ross at Gloucester, Mass., on Sept. 17. The bout went 12 rounds. Grady had the advantage in the early rounds, but in the ninth and tenth Ross came back strong and did the leading. In the 11th and 12th it was all Grady, and he justly won the decision. Both boys were clever at blocking and both gave and took a lot of punishment. There was a lot of wrestling and both men used rough tactics.

A slambang preliminary of six rounds was fought between Kid Willis, of Roxbury, and Young Tibbits, of Malden. Tibbits got the decision after six rounds of the fiercest fighting ever. Young Russell, of Gloucester, disposed of Young Franklin, of Gloucester, in two rounds.

### PHILADELPHIA BOUTS.

The National A. C. of Philadelphia, Pa., was well filled on Sept. 22, when four good bouts were put on. The curtain-raiser was between Young Welsh and Tommy Langdon. The first two rounds were even and then Langdon's superiority showed until the sixth and last round. Joe Gaynor and Joe Campbell next clashed, and put up a slashing bout, Campbell having a shade the best of it.

Willie Moody, of Richmond, and Young Nitchie, of Harrowguh, were the third pair to entertain the crowd. Nitchie started operations by stabbing his left to the face and drawing blood in the first round, following this up with two rights to the jaw. Moody was very aggressive in the second and the round was a mixup

all the way, the referee having his own troubles in separating them. Moody cut loose in the next two rounds and he got to Nitchie's face in great shape. The fifth round was one long mixup, Moody sailing in and working at a fast pace. Nitchie made a fast and rattling finish, the pair of them swapping hard ones to the jaw. The round was very hard but Nitchie could not make up the ground he had lost in the other rounds and Moody was the winner.

The windup was between Billy Willis and Young Kenny, of Lawrence, Mass.

In the fifth round when Willis walked to his corner he was a tired boy. The last round was certainly the real thing. Kenny led as usual, and in the second they were on the ropes boring in hard. Kenny was always on tap with a straight left to the wind. Willis rushed and fell to his knees. This occurred twice and each time he was walloped good and hard. The fight was a good win for Kenny.

### OLD RIVALS MET AGAIN.

Two old rivals met when Jack Johnson and Joe Jeanette, the colored heavyweights, clashed at the Broadway A. C., Philadelphia, on Sept. 20.

Johnson had every advantage over Joe being twenty pounds heavier and considerably taller. The men mixed it up for the first two rounds. The first was in Johnson's favor, his left frequently reaching Joe's face, and his right catching Jeanette on the body as Joe rushed in.

Early in the second round Jeanette cut Johnson over his eye with a long left swing. Johnson rushed hard but was wild and Jeanette three times reached his eye before the bell rang.

Joe continued to hold his own though Johnson brought all his skill into play.

Jeanette's good work surprised the crowd, and judging by the way he fought Johnson he would make it warm for any of the big fellows.

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**FACT THREE**—The Cook Remedy Co. has many patients who were cured by its magic remedy eighteen years ago, who are today sound and well.

**FACT FOUR**—Many patients that were cured by the Cook Remedy Co. eighteen years ago now have children grown to manhood and womanhood in perfect health and without a blemish.

**FACT EIGHT**—Good health is the most important thing in the world to any person.

**ABOVE EIGHT FACTS ARE ABSOLUTELY UNDENIABLE.**  
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**FACT SIX**—Patients cured by Cook Remedy Co. are constantly passing successfully the very rigid examinations of the most conservative life insurance companies, and are passing the examinations for admission to the army and navy of the United States.

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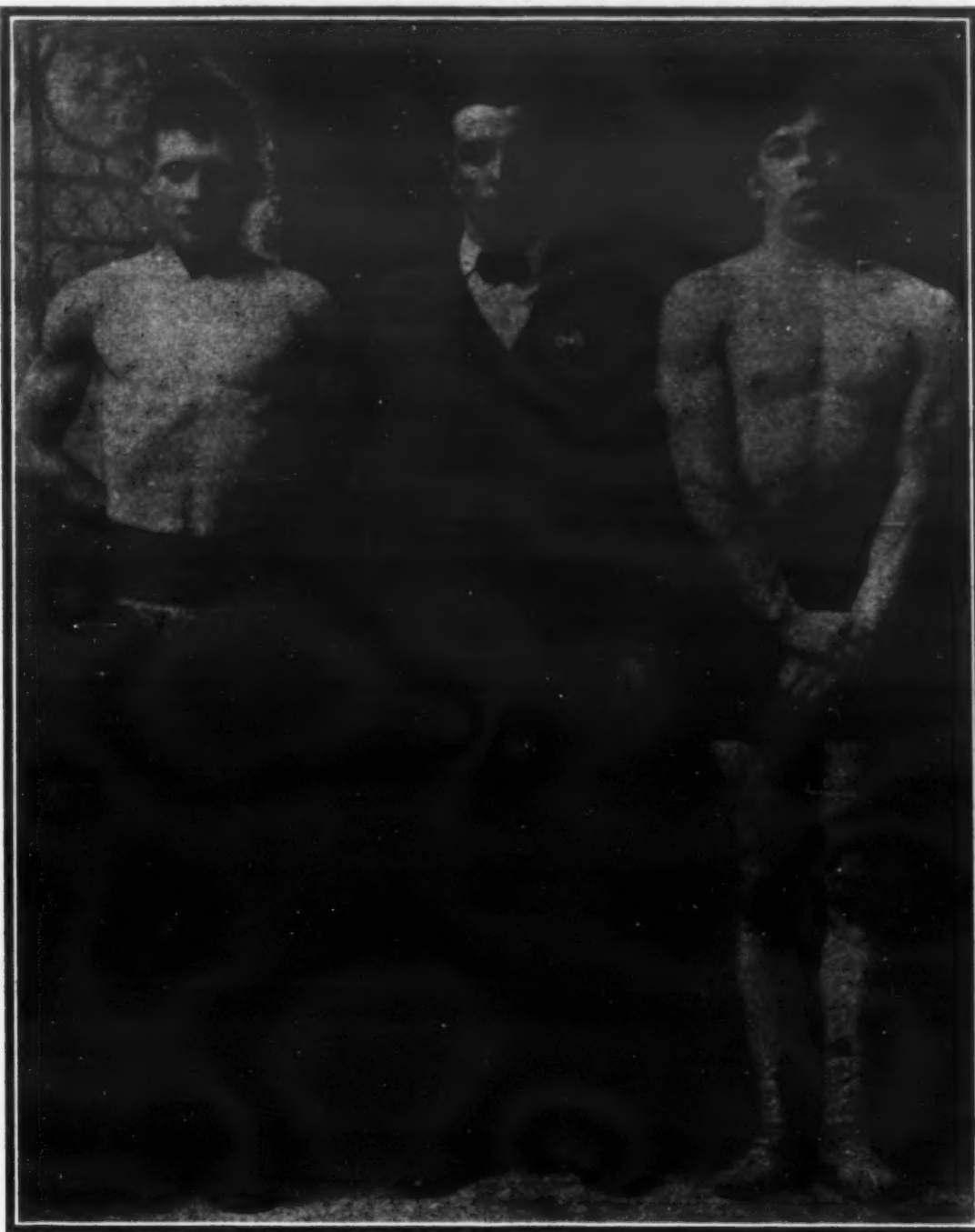
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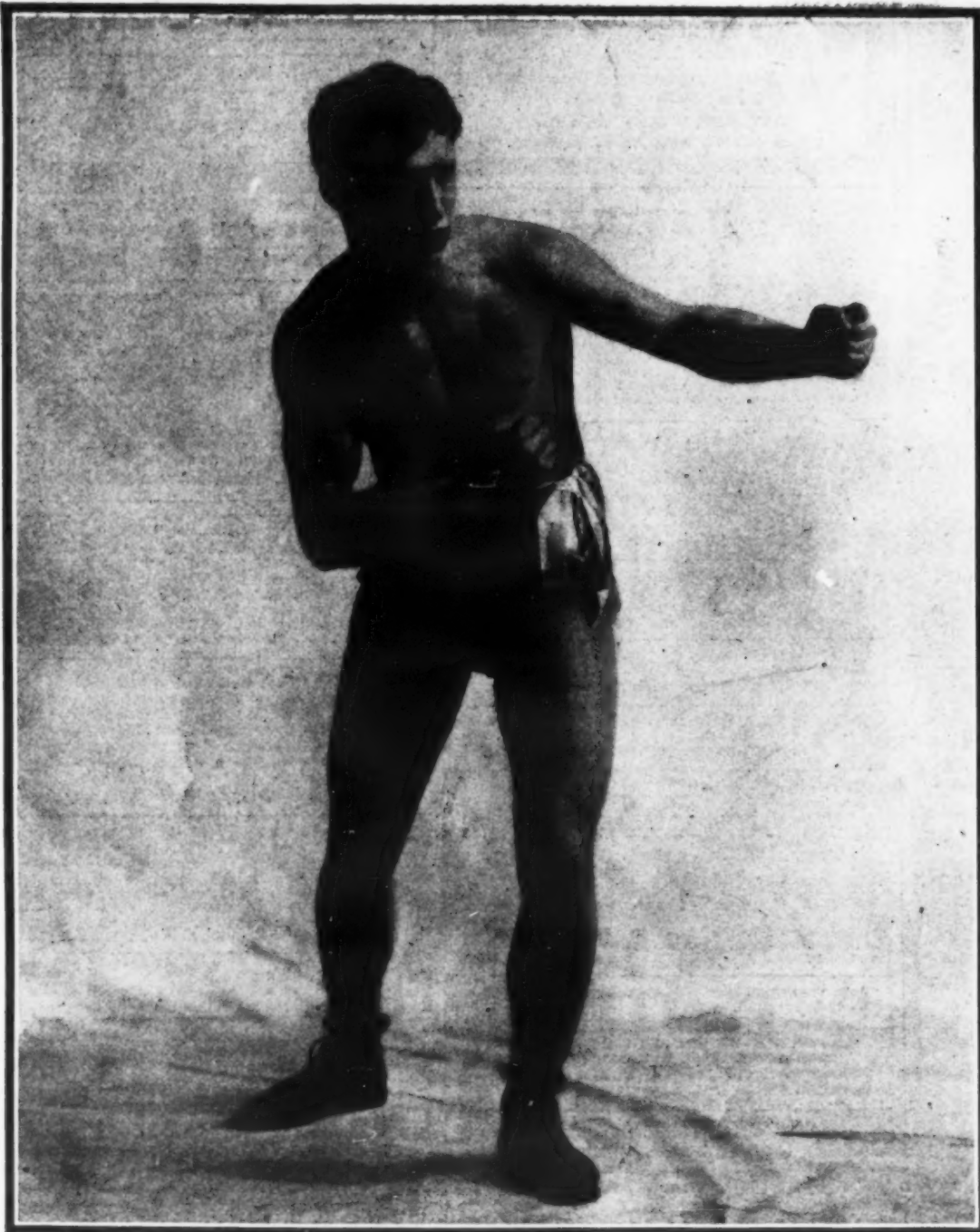




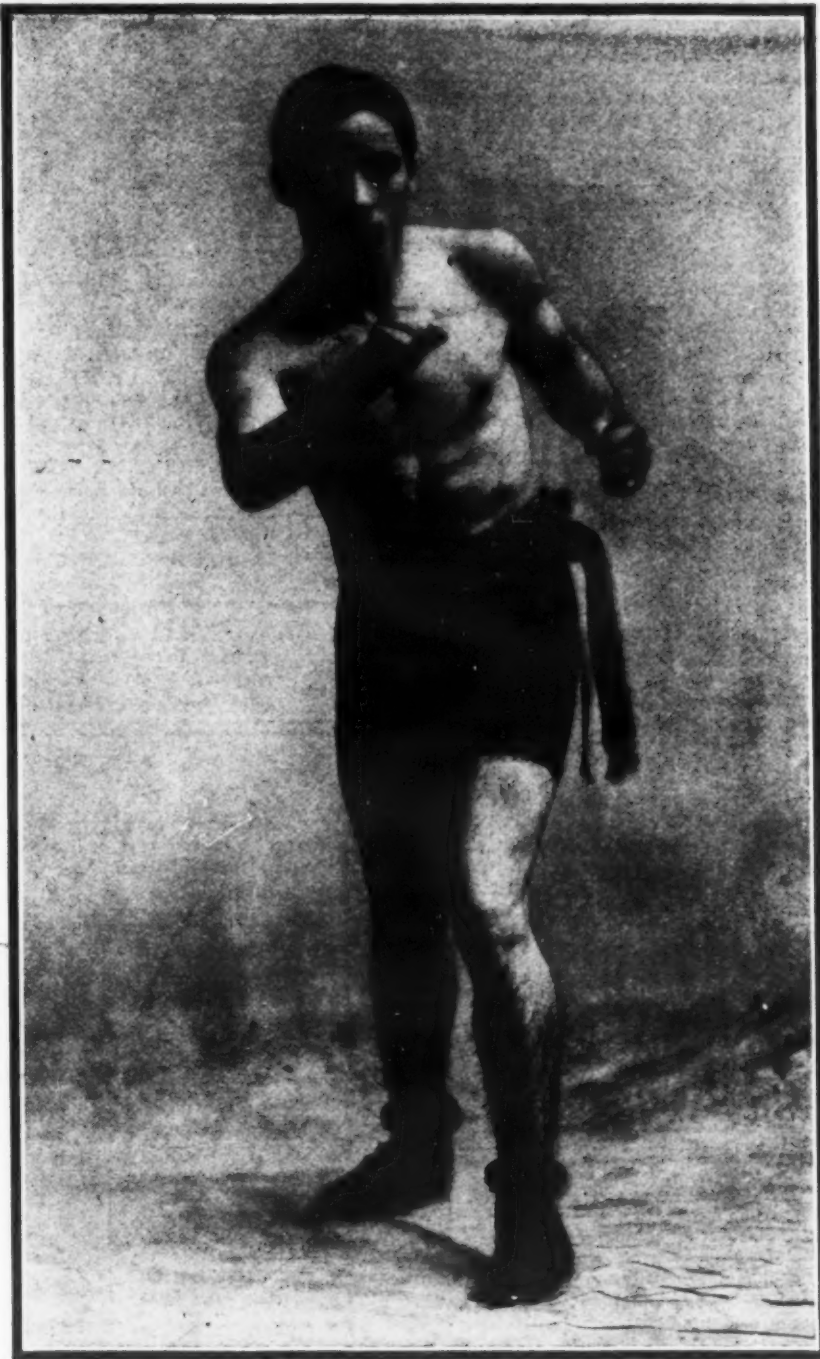
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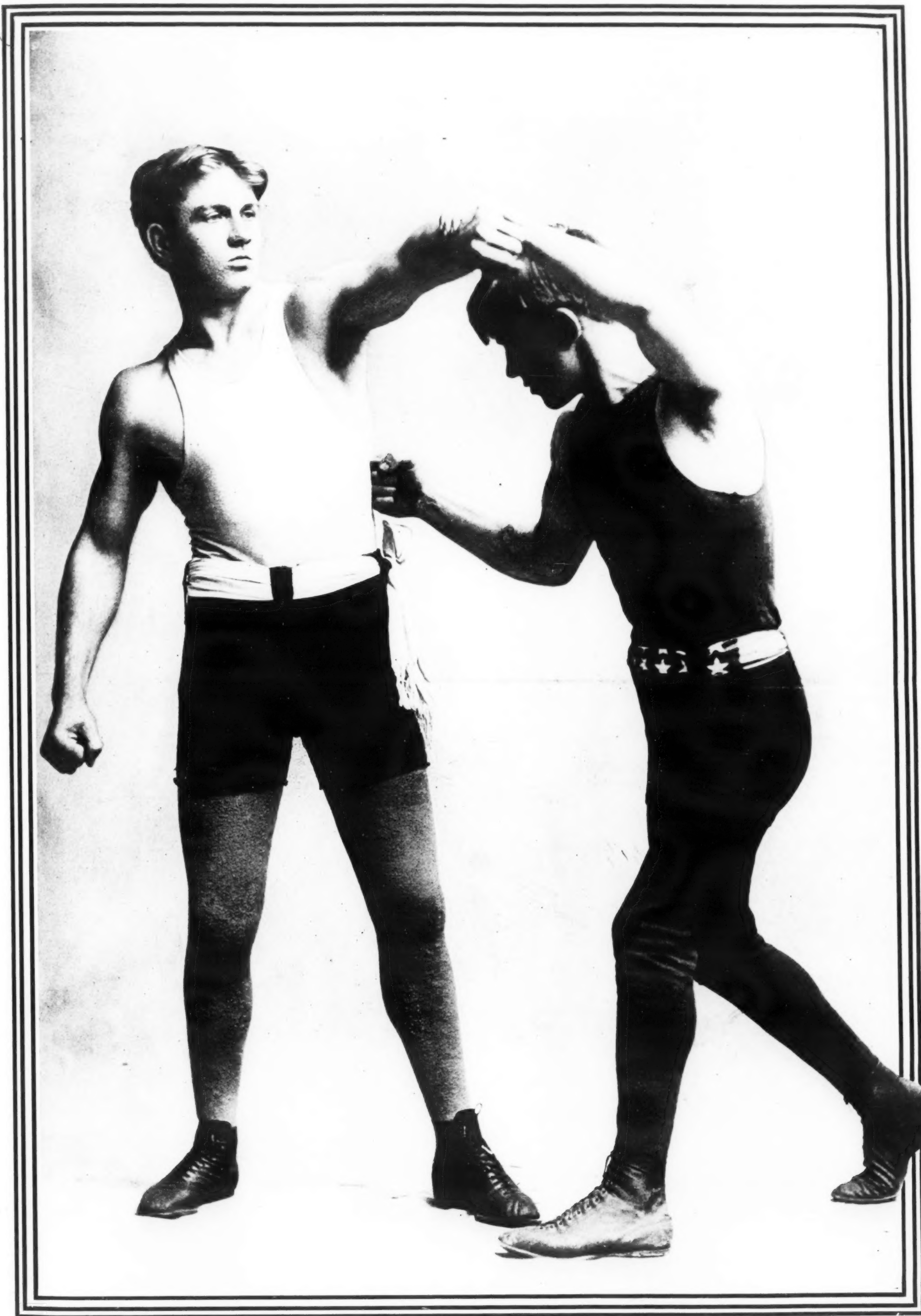


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